IN HEAT

$8.00
ISSUE no.3

ADULTS ONLY

BALLING

THE JUICER

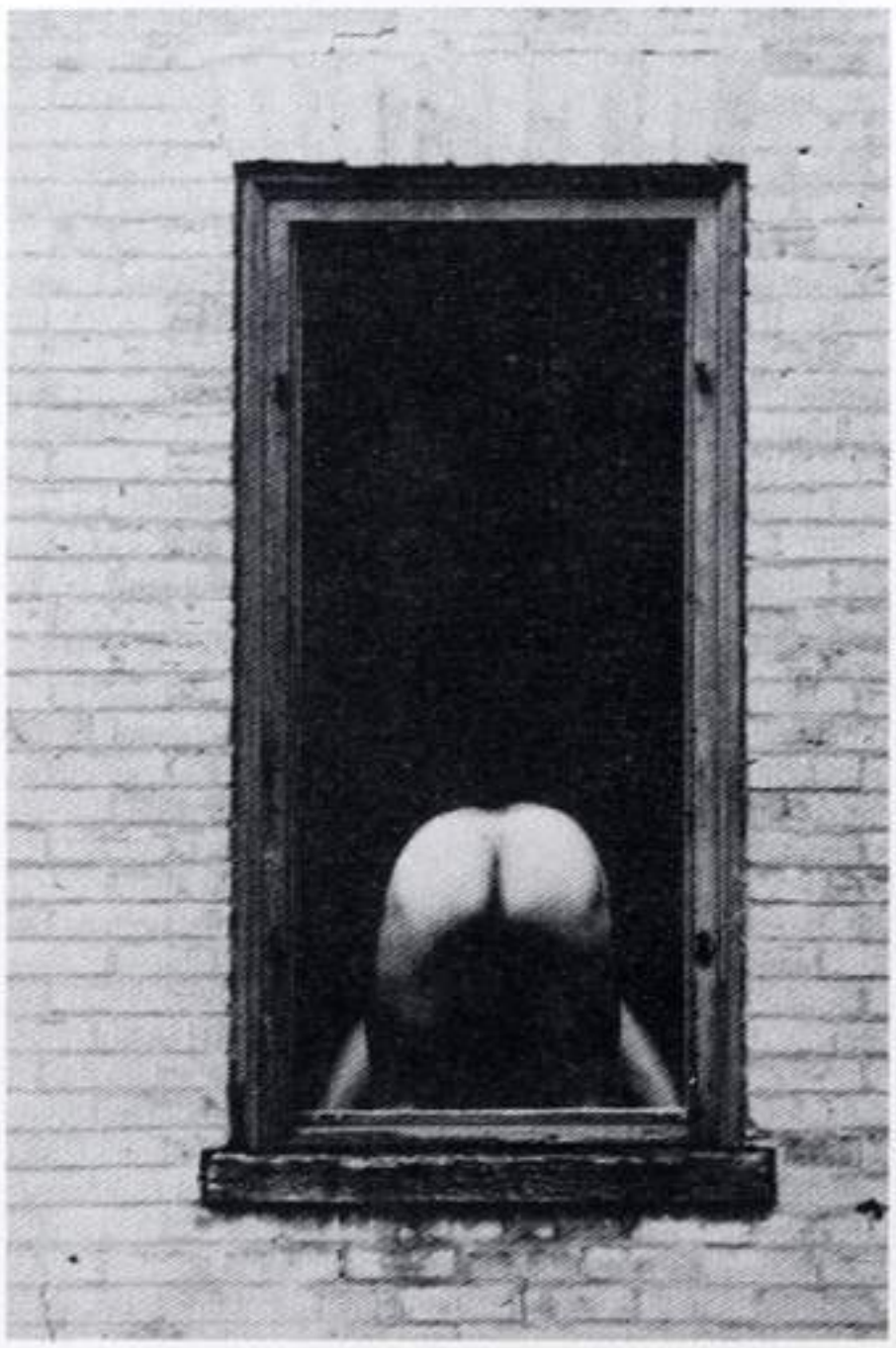
VIRGIN NUDE

CASTING COUCH

WATER SPORTS

WET DREAM

EDITORIAL



The temperature's rising, but there are still a few cool nights when it's nice to curl up with a good book — or a friend who's read one. We can't do much about the friend, alas, but we can offer you some good reading and viewing guaranteed to keep the chill off.

Every page of this third issue of IN HEAT has been designed with your comfort in mind — we've tried to provide a little something for every fantasy, and will appreciate hearing from you on just how well we've done on yours.

Now, to get right on with it, we've got quite a few people we'd like you to meet: the Chairman, a young gentleman preparing for his audition on the casting couch, an interview with a certified "virgin nude," and many more. Then, if you'd like, you're invited to join two hot studs for a little Midnight Snack — or, if you prefer, two others on a picnic like few picnics you've ever been on before.

In the fiction department, you can share a steaming moment with the Juicer, or play a game of "Hit the Switches." And speaking of games, there is always a wide variety of water sports.

But enough talk. Sit ye doon and start reading. Turn up the air conditioning — you might need it. Enjoy.

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Dream Male

Photo courtesy of Paen

The sweating naked male
Glistening in the ghastly light
Of a full moon
Creeps Indian-like
Across the dewy wide
expanses;
Hearing my night murmurings
He pauses,
Looks to the stars,
The endless heavens,
And touches his enormous,
pulsating member.

He creeps to my open window
And whispers my name.
The key is under the mat
I mumble to him.

I hear him slowly climbing
The stairs to my bedroom
Now alive with angels
Of varying degrees of beauty.
I am terrified, aroused,
I fumble for a cigarette,
I light it,
The smoke is harsh on my
parched throat.

The door springs open,
He stands there, omnipotent,
Visions of an ideal
Only glimpsed in dreams,
Day dreams, night dreams.
He is hard and true.
The lighted candelabra
Throws his elegant
Shadow against black white
walls.

Walls which became a soul
violated.

We say nothing,
He strokes my back
And sets it aflame,
I am consumed by
unvarnished desire.
I turn myself over greedily
And he takes me in his hot
mouth
As if I were a green oasis
And he had been years in the
desert.
We become some new species
Never reported in biological
texts,
We become some volcano,
Some hurricane,
Some intensity
Never before witnessed.

The room suddenly falls away,
The house falls away,
We are floating through a
Warm turquoise sea
Where lazy exotic fish
Feed upon each other
To the point of satisfaction.

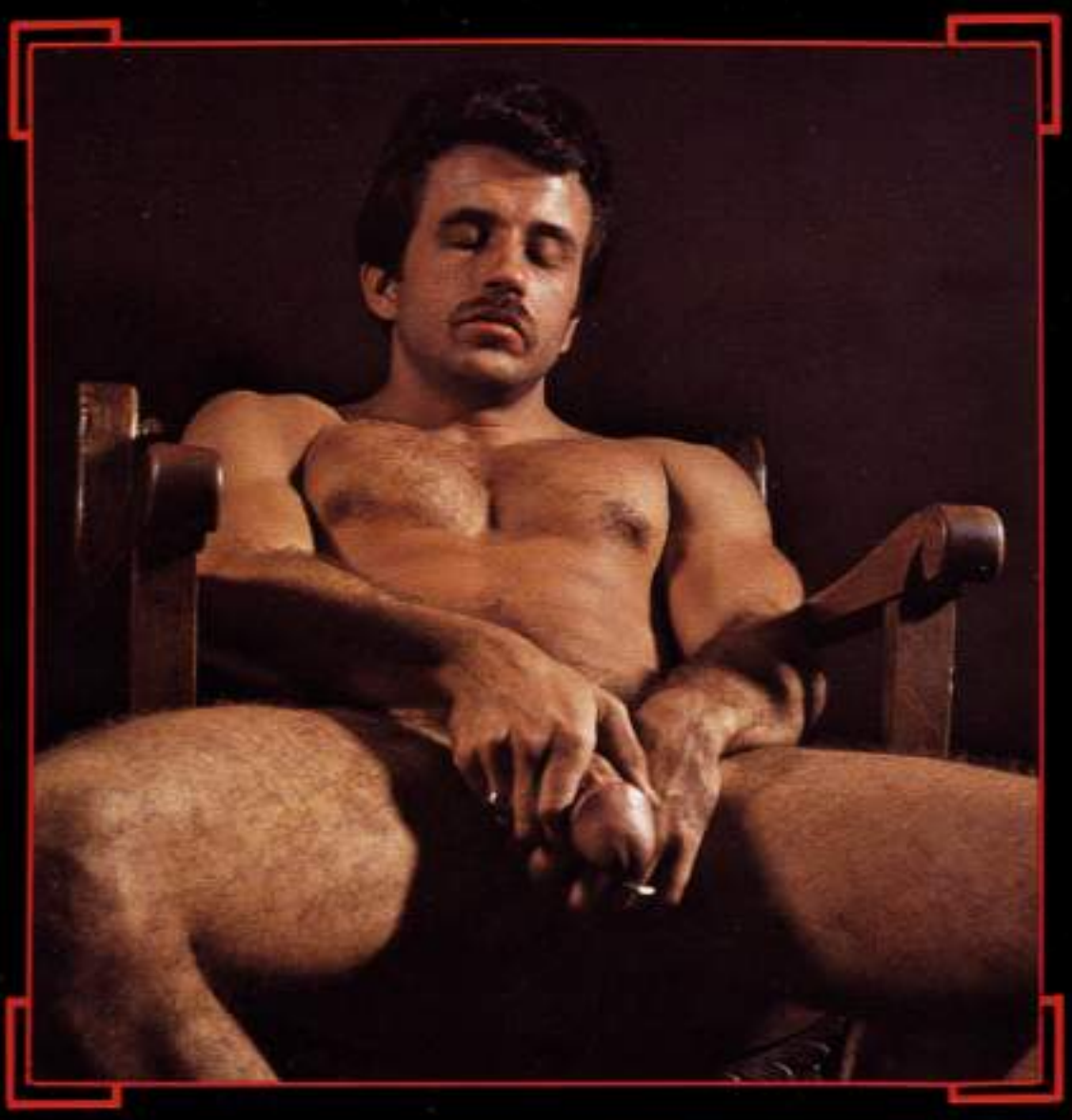
I awake,
The clock says...three,
There is nothing,
No one but
An arthritic old mother
Snoring in the next bedroom.

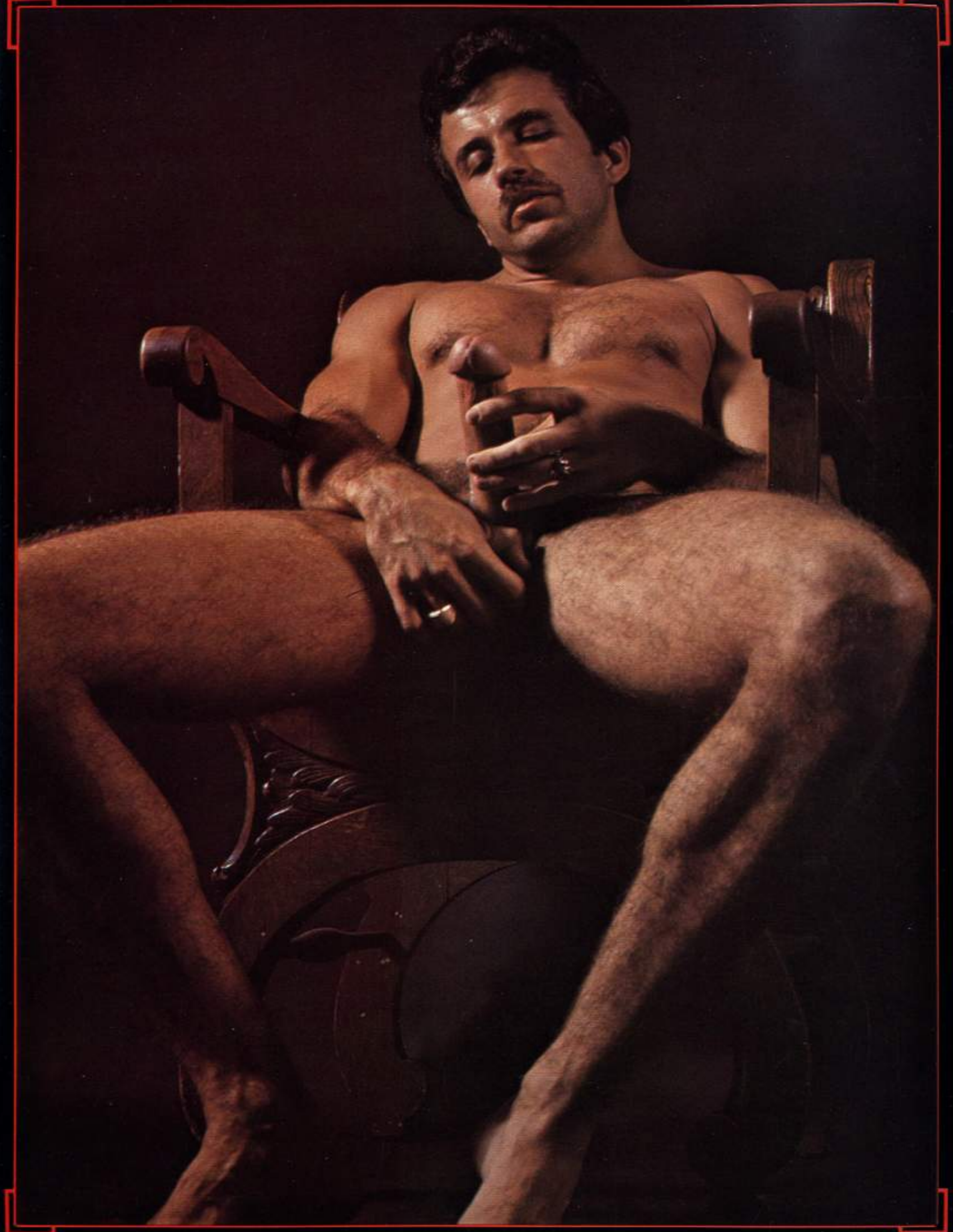
Michael Swift

the CHAIRMAN

Every now and then, even the best-organized of us has to sit down and take himself in hand.
Our inquiring photographer catches one businessman dealing
with a particularly stiff problem.

Photos by Richard Boetger





The unkindest CUT

by Jeremy Hughes

"To cut or not to cut" is a question very few American males were ever given an opportunity to answer on our own behalves. Circumcised virtually at birth, most of us grew up thinking *It* had been created that way, and it probably wasn't until we learned what *It* was really for that we became aware some other guys' *Its* were not necessarily the same as our own. Not until ready for business, at least.

No one knows who first came up with the notion of foreskin trimming, but it seems likely his was a story that forced the friendly village headshrinker to extend his office hours. It's also interesting to ruminate on the psyche of the very first circumcis*ee*, and of what might have passed through his aboriginal mind as that sharp-edged flint began its downward plunge.

Actually, in spite of the enormous literature on the subject (well-summarized in Hasting's *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*), we really have no idea of its origins. The earliest Egyptian mummies (2300 B.C.) were circumcised, and wall paintings still to be seen in Egypt show that it was customary several thousand years earlier still. It has been the regular practice of Australian aborigines for as long as can be told, and we also know that many of the natives Columbus peeked at on his westward journeys were definitely cut.

Douglas Gairdner, a British M.D. with an unnerving obsession for the subject, reports that "male circumcision . . . is practiced over a wide area of the world by some one-sixth of it's population. Over the Near East, patchily throughout tribal Africa, amongst the Moslem peoples of India and of South-East Asia . . . .

"The age at which boys are circumcised varies widely in different places, from the Mosaic practice of circumcising at about the eighth day, to the custom in many African tribes of making circumcision part of an initiation ceremony near the age of puberty. Circumcision was introduced into Roman Europe with Christianity; little is known about its status in medieval Europe, but it was probably customary only amongst adherents of the Jewish faith until, with the rise of modern surgery in the nineteenth century, its status changed from a religious rite to that of a common surgical procedure.

"Amongst the Western nations the circumcision of infants is a common practice only with the English-speaking peoples. It is, for the most part, not the custom in continental Europe or Scandinavia, or in South America. In England collected data reveal wide variations as between

Despite the fact that circumcision is seldom a matter of choice anymore, the "battle" over its pros and cons continues unabated . . .

different districts and between different social classes . . . . A conservative estimate would mean that the number of circumcisions performed on children in England and Wales is of the order of 90,000 annually," Dr. Gairdner concludes.

The circumcision of the infant Jesus was a favorite subject of Renaissance artists, but, oddly enough, when they came to depict Him in the nude as grown man — usually in scenes associated with the crucifixion — the foreskin reappeared. That's one miracle the Gospels somehow overlook. (The unremarkable explanation, of course, is that the Old Masters were just faithfully reproducing what they actually observed hanging there on their continental models.)

As early as 1912 Freud saw an inner relationship between circumcision and castration, and Theodor Reik, studying puberty rites of primitives, showed that circumcision represents symbolic castration, its underlying motive being prevention of incest: "By means of these rites the boy is declared a man, introduced into the community of men, and granted sexual license with non-incestuous objects."

Why slicing away part of his cock should make a man more masculine defies logic. The general "explanation" is that it ties up homosexual libido by facilitating identification with the earlier-circumcised father. As circumcision and separation from the mother, for puberty rites, occur simultaneously, it might be that the loss of mom and of foreskin become closely associated, as if femininity and foreskin were somehow the same.

Dr. Herman Nunberg, in a long treatise on "Circumcision: A Psychoanalytical View" (which might well be subtitled "Much Ado About Cutting"), maintains, on the other hand, "it is also possible that the injury to the penis intimidates the boy and impairs his development to full virility.

"The injury leads to intimidation by and submission to the father, to the inhibition of erection and to the suppression of certain heterosexual incestuous desires; briefly, to a weakening of the masculinity of the initiated boy. In other words, the circumcision stimulates the feminine as well as the masculine strivings of the boy.

"Dissatisfaction with the sex bestowed by nature is widespread among primitive as well as among highly civilized peoples. It has

(continued on page 15)

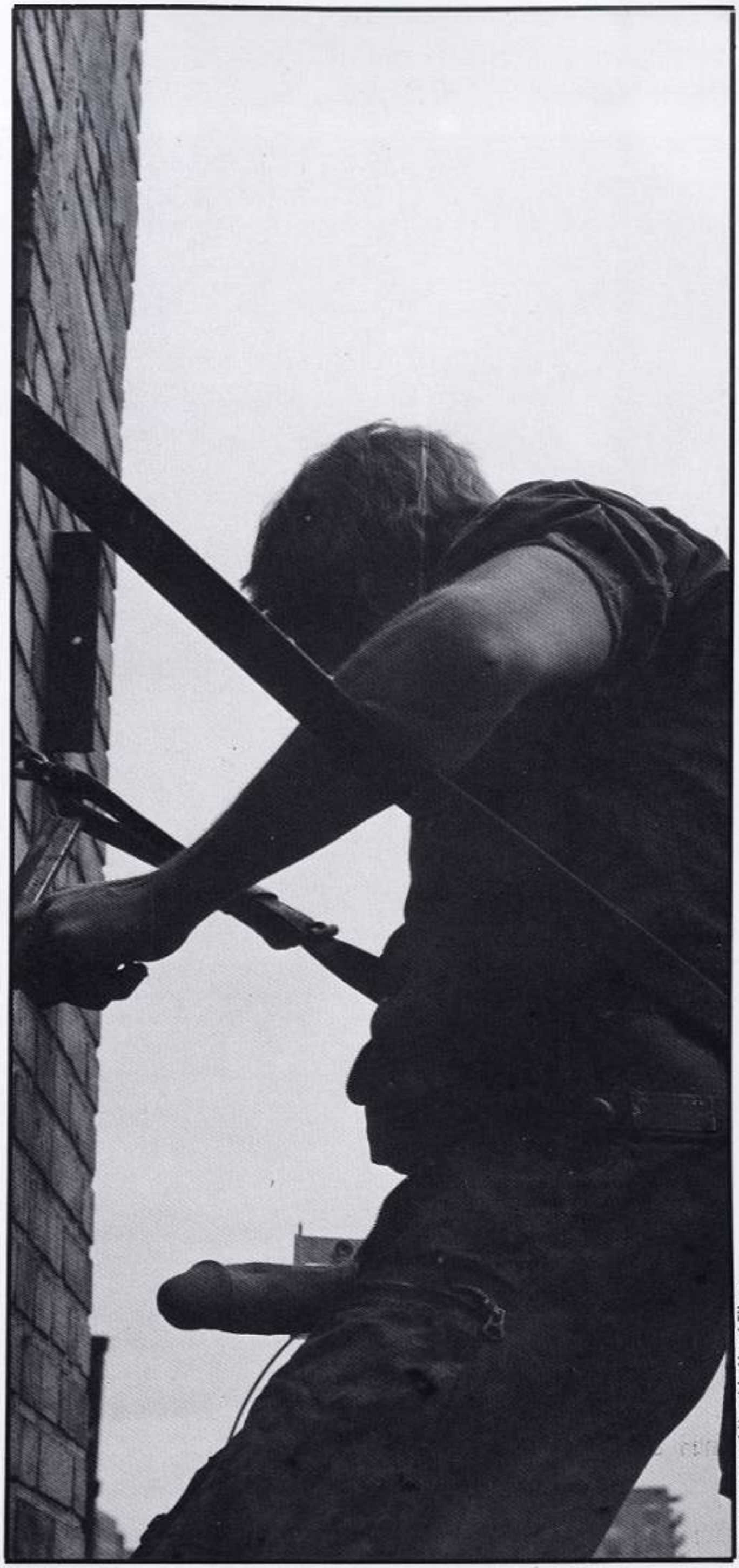


Photo courtesy of Hand in Hand Films

THE

Casting Couch

Jack's the kind kind of guy who will do almost anything to get ahead. Right now, he lives in Duluth, but he's planning to come to Hollywood to break into the porn film industry. He's heard a lot about the wicked life out west, and has no doubt that some producer will get him on a casting couch and try to find out exactly what it is he has to offer. When that time comes, Jack will be ready for it.

FLICKS

A favorite plot line of gay skin flicks — young closet case wills his dreams into reality — is carried with refreshing good humor in superstar Jack Wrangler's latest, **Heavy Equipment.** For all its title suggests mindless, big-dick pounding and panting, this Lancer Brooks production comes across as a lighthearted fantasy. Even Wrangler, who has lately saturated the field with frantic, grimacing, agony-and-ecstacy sexual performances, seems actually to have enjoyed making this clever, off-the-wall diversion. Under Brooks' direction, Wrangler appears fresher, less intense than previously. The fact that a credible (but uncredited) script gives him some good lines to speak no doubt whetted this conscientious performer's enthusiasm for his chores.

The gist of **Heavy Equipment** is that a youthful, nelly bookstore clerk (Steve Tracy, convincing and very likeable in a non-sexual role) learns, through occult literature, how to project himself into his fantastic dream stud (Wrangler) who can get whatever he wants. Among his conquests that way are the tireless Christy twins — two of the continuing camp delights of the genre — and Al Parker and Chris Adams, hardhats who do it on company time, retaining their tool-carrying belts throughout. But the fantasy stud's big score is the classically handsome newcomer, Roger, a gym instructor amiably willing to accede to his pupils' special needs.

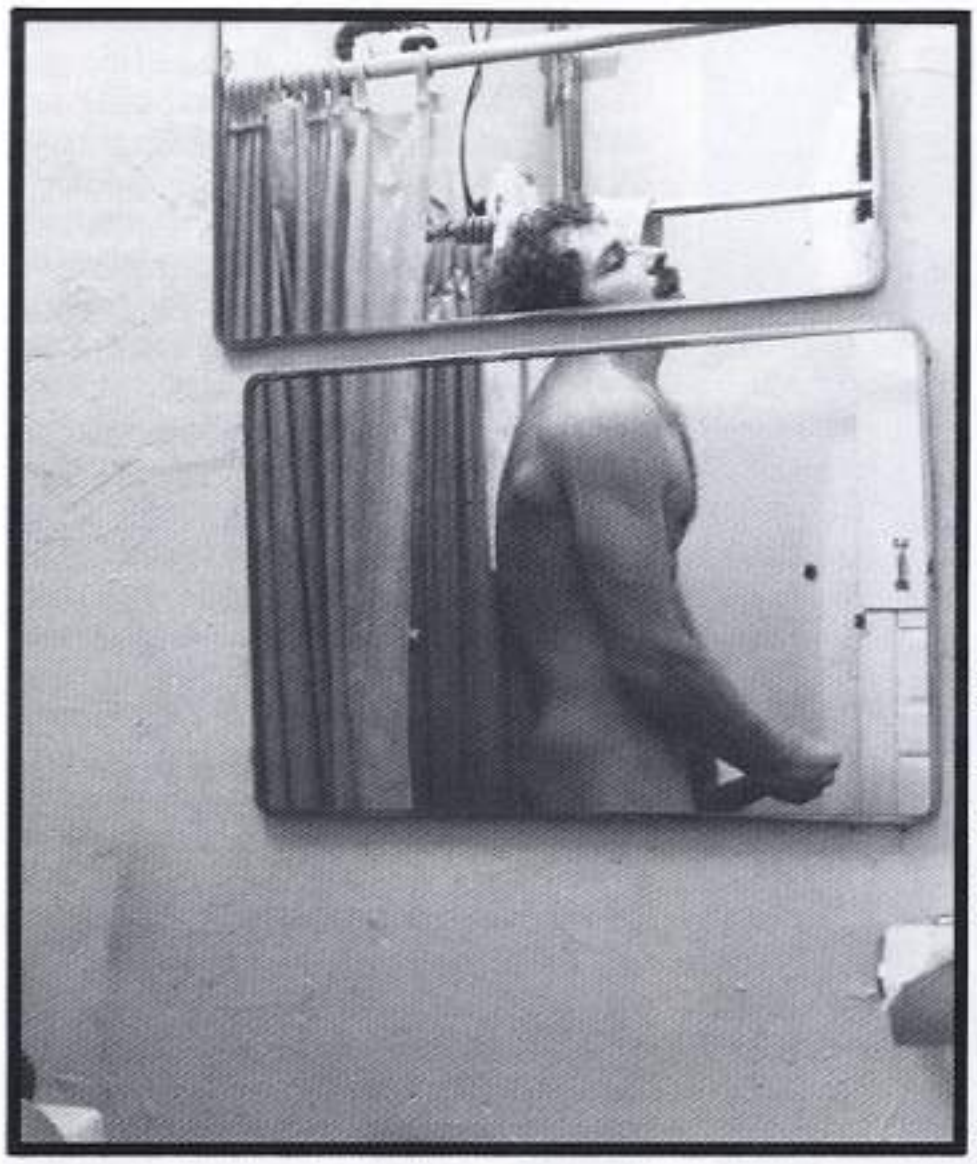
Sex sequences were effectively filmed in 3-D by the veteran photographer Robert Shaw. They consist mainly of impressive erections being poked right out into the audience. sometimes through glory holes. It's a cute trick, but one the film can do without, as it probably will in theaters not equipped for that projection. Never mind. **Heavy Equipment** is a good show, frequently funny and always upbeat.

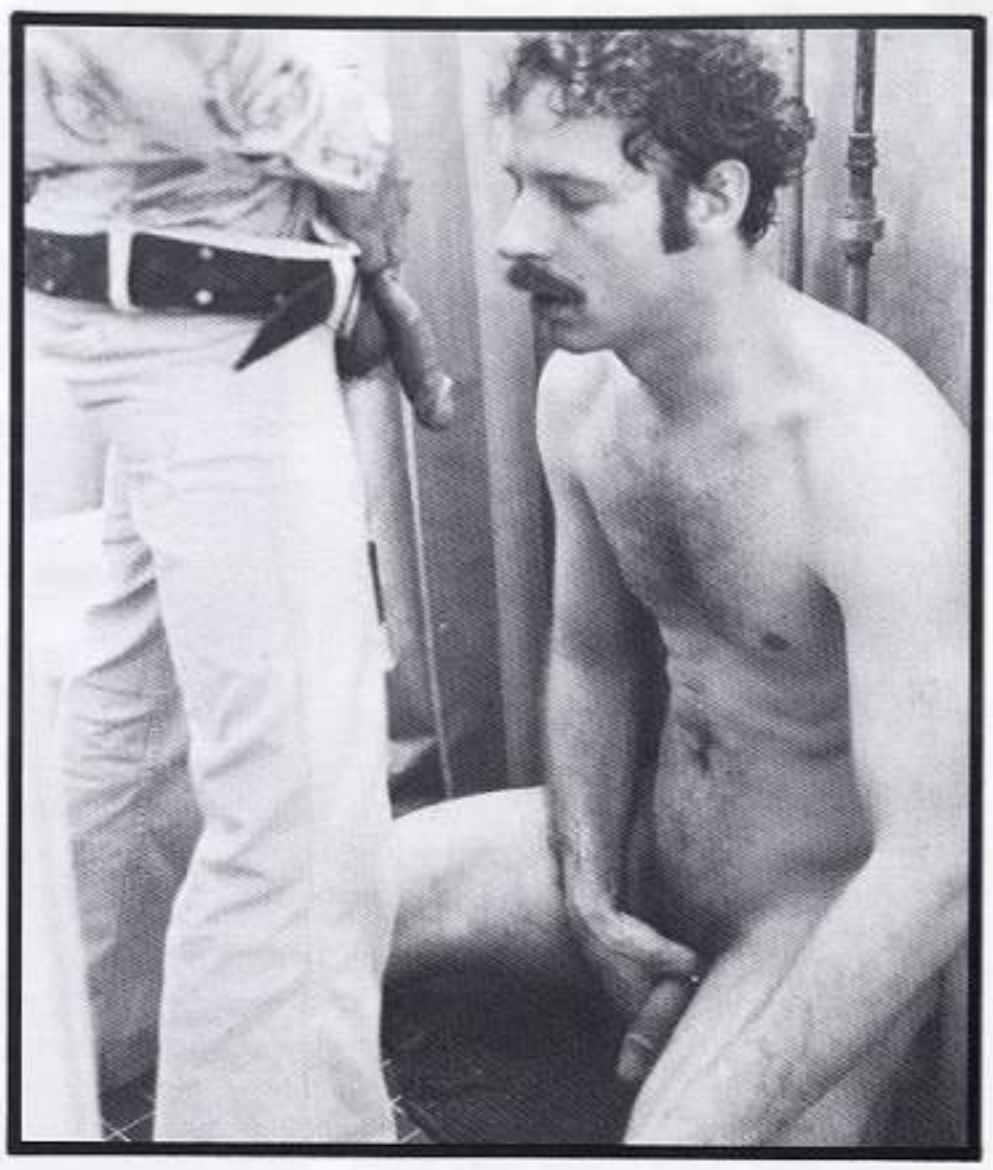
Rooms is being billed, through previews and media advertising, as a no-holds-barred excursion into the nightmare world of homosexual sadomasochism, pain, degradation, and so on. In fact, the picture is three sequences — one of them fairly long and provocative — joined by a common denominator of submission and domination, with a little mild bondage along the way. The expectable humiliation scenes are there, but always put in the context that all the guys are willing (in fact eager) to act out the scene. If hardcore mayhem is your bag, this film isn't for you.

In the long episode, Luke Hanson, an extremely handsome blond hunk who appeared to advantage in **Two Days in a Hot Place,** displaying there an affinity for being the "victim" in the tie-him-up-and-get-him scenes, is lured into the pad of a fag hag who tells him he has to put it to her or lose a job she offers. While he's contemplating, the place is being burglarized by two brutish studs who may have eyes for the lady. But after they see Luke, they naturally direct their attention to him. That ends with Hanson thoroughly worked over from both ends, trussed up and left behind, a gag in his mouth and a vibrator affixed to his ass.

Nick Eliot, the director, pieced this thing into a full-length flick by tacking on two other bondage-and-humiliation loops of no special impact. In neither of them does anybody do anything he didn't want to do in the first place. The "victims" in **Rooms** come out of it as satisfied as their not-so-brutal tormentors. Apparently, that's what it's all about.

Another recent Jack Wrangler entry, **Hothouse**, a product of Jack Deveau's Hand in Hand company, is highlighted by the uncredited appearance, in a smoothly interpolated 8mm. black-and-white sequence, of a genuine curiosity in the male-to-male performer category. The sensuous, sulky teenager who's right in there doing active b.j. and rim work, then appearing to enjoy getting it Greek-style, is Andy Warhol's super-stud, Joe Dallasandro. Deveau works this crude but recognizable underground loop into the action by using it as the featured attraction of a casual afternoon masturbation party involving some of the guys who gather in Wrangler's New York living room to while away the time





Photos courtesy of Hand in Hand Films

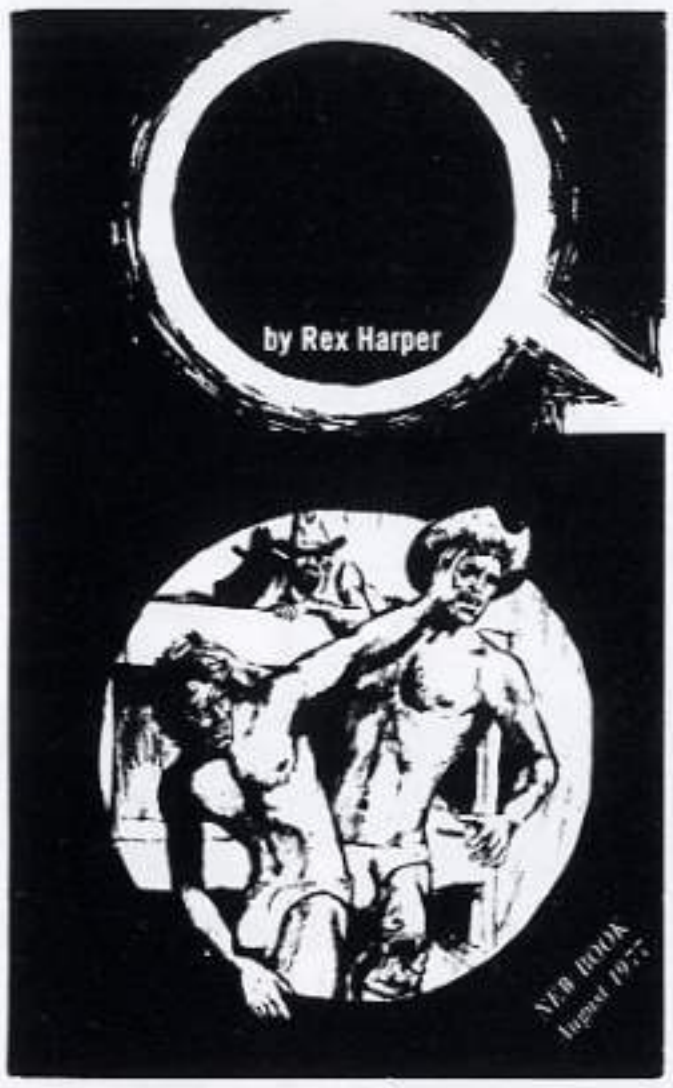
while their host is in the bedroom, getting it on with Roger, whose screen debut occurred in this otherwise undistinguished feature.

Wrangler goes along, amiably but without conviction, in routine suck-me-suck-you situations. Tension — the interaction and conflict of different but mutually attracted personalities—is the stuff of drama. **Hothouse** has none of it. It's several characters get together as if by routine, falling naturally into each other's arms (and crotches and asses) so swiftly and unemotionally as to suggest that all they wanted to do was get the assignment over with. Jack Deveau has done better than that; so has Wrangler. Let's hope that Roger can, too. So far, he has not had the chance.

— Donald Warman

Various scenes from Hand in Hand's Hothouse show Gary Hunt, Roger, Jason McBride, and Jack Wrangler developing a taste for male-to-male action.

BOOKS



Agamy shipment of "'Rough Trade" series novels came in just too late for our last column — $2.25 from Star Distributors, Box 362, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013 (or, from Calston Industries, 17620 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, CA 91406).

My favorite from this publisher was one I'd already bought, in their "Hardboy" series — Bart Rogers' **Trucker Bone.**

We follow Mike, a husky and hung (what else?) big rig gearbox jammer through a series of coast-to-coast layable thumb-riders and lusty barroom brawls, which really perk up the macho tone. (The erotic impact of brawling has been too little explored in gay fiction.) Few gay-sex writers can turn in such effective hard action scenes, and Rogers' sex descriptions avoid the ponderous language of so many of these books. And just imagine a leather bar in which most customers act as tough as they dress!

Characters well drawn, from big Mike to bigger Sam, a Chicago dandy who's also a superb brawler-wrestler and a super cockswinger with lots to swing, to big Darius who in his own desert leather bar nearly kills our hero with the biggest ramrod ever. . . .

The Rough Trade series featured eight or ten drawings to a book, and the hand-line style was usually strong, fully male, clever and damned sexy, with that degree of exaggeration that stirred the senses without seeming ludicrous. The pictures generally stuck to the story line and were worth saving even when the narrative was disappointing.

Alas, **Truck Stop Tricks** seems to have been one of the last with those really exciting drawings (the story, too, was lusty and loving, with a lot of humpy sex and sweet-butch sentiment packed into a small diner near Gila Bend . . .). Illustrations on the later books are generally lackluster and seldom have much to do with the plot.

Sailor Boy is one of those where the plot has nothing to do with the title. The only bit of seafood floats away after page 21. But the story is strong — an interweaving of the hustling adventures of an American tourist stranded in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and of a native boy whose mother threw him out after an interlude with the aforementioned sailor. Rich and decadent American tourists set the macabre scene. With go-go strips, whippings for the delectation of large parties, and some rather brutal fist-fucking action, but eventually the two storylines merge and true love comes to old San Juan . . . .

Peter Johnson's **Rough Cons** and Michael Jones' **Breaking-In to Leather** both picked low-class "godfathers" to imitate and the first writer sounds as if he learned his way around New York chiefly from watching *Kojak*. Our hero, Rocky Sullivan, gets out of prison by page 41, but the illustrator stays doggedly behind bars while Rocky goes out to get an edge on New York's rackets, and to get a lot of ass in transit. A super shootout highlights the story, and interludes with a scruffy South-of-Houston St. street gang . . . .

Breaking-In starts extremely well, with good characters and scenes, and runs a bit downhill, but still is good and hot with a very bloody ending.

The **69 HIS** series is another which features good cover drawings that are often worth half the price of the book, and which generally tie in solidly with the story. Chad Stuart's **Gusher Comin'** is another lively tale about life in and around the big oil rigs in the Persian Gulf. A lot of sex and international intrigue. Available from Suree Ltd., 9465 Mission Park Place, Santee, CA 92071.

Rex Harper's **Boys in Bondage,** $2.95, from old-faithful Greenleaf Classics, 7525 Raytheon Road, San Diego, CA 92111, is a powerful erotic fantasy — of a sort that's political dynamite right now, for it portrays just what the worst enemies of gays believe is the mainline gay scene, the wholesale kidnapping and sexual enslavement of young boys. A strong story, imaginatively written, with a lot of the sex fluids stirring — but how do you explain to Sgt. Lloyd Martin, Sen. Briggs and the like that fantasy and reality are two very different things?

Rex Harper's **Bunk House Stud,** also from Greenleaf, could have been one of the best of this crop. Strong plot situation and good characters, but Harper weakens the story by devoting too little space to plot development (every page doesn't *have* to be a fuck scene) and by too often using the same unrealistic dialogue for every sex scene ("Fuck Meeee-ee!" is repeated endlessly,

even by characters who object to the fourteen inches that's being shoved into them). Inappropriate title, really, but a compelling story. Pages 50-60 all out of order and belong as a whole after page 85.

—Jim Kepner

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● PEOPLE
● TRAVEL
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CIRCUMCISION

(continued from page 7)

found expression in the various forms of circumcision, practiced by savages and ancient Egyptians, still adhered to, for religious reasons by Jews and Mohomedans (sic), and performed in Anglo-Saxon countries today, allegedly for hygenic reasons .... The Jews had taken the custom of circumcison from the Egyptians. Out of love for their one and only God they sacrificed part of their genitals, thereby renouncing instinct, gratification and at the same time initiating sublimation of their homosexuality."

At this point, we should all pass to examine our own consciences. If you've been circumcised, either ritually or surgically, you have about as much chance of being objective about the subject (object?) as you have of growing yourself a new foreskin. You're also likely to be familiar with all the reasons for the act, which run the gamut from spiritual through cultural, aestheic, and finally medical.

We've already touched on the spritual and cultural, so how about the aestheic? Objectively, now, *is* the skinned prick prettier than the hooded? Well, beauty is traditionally in the eye of the beholder, so force yourself to behold the photographs illustrating this article, and decide on their aesthetic value for yourself. And, keep your hands on the *magazine!* So, then, isn't it possible that if not more gorgeous, there is at least something, uh, neater about one or the other of them?

To conclude with the medical aspects, it has been purported that there is a relationship between the foreskin and cancer of the genitals, primary evidence in support of this theory being that Jewish men rarely get cancer of their sexual organs. Dr. John M. Foley, in "The Practice of Circumcision: A Re-evaluation," a militantly anti-circumcision tract, takes strident issue with this conclusion, asserting that "the lower incidence of penile cancer in Jews is genetic or cultural."

He goes on to cite the following statistics to back his stand: that fewer than one in a thousand Finnish men is circumcised, yet there is less cancer of the penis in Finnish men than in Americans; that Java, where the Moslems are ritually circumcised, has "one of the highest incidences" of cancer of the penis in the world; that the uncircumcised Parsees of India have "one of the lowest incidences" of penile cancer in the world.

Dr. Foley gives short shrift to claims that circumcision helps prevent V.D., pointing out that America's circumcised teen-agers of today "have the highest V.D. rates in history." (True, Dr. Foley, but may this not also be attributable in part to the increased volume of sexual activity in today's more permissive, Pill-pervaded society?)

Conceding that circumcision prevents phimosis (constriction of the

foreskin) and does have hygenic advantages, the irate doctor reaches his emotional heights in a lengthy diatribe on why he believes circumcision to be so prevalent: "Circumcision provides a convenient and socially acceptable outlet for the perverted component of the circumciser's libido. I have had personal experience with the psycho-pathology that underlies the wish to circumcise. The pitiful wails of the suffering infant are all too often the background for lewd and obscene commentary by the obstetrician to his audience of nurses.

"I have seen two medical students fight over the priveledge of doing circumcisions on the newborn, although these same students showed neither interest in nor aptitude for opening boils and doing other surgical tasks ....

"Another explanation for the prevalence of circumcision: latent female antagonism toward the penis. To quote Dr. William Keith C. Morgan, of the University of Maryland School of Medicine, writing in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association: 'Perhaps not the least of the reasons why American mothers seem to endorse the operation with such enthusiasm is the fact that it is the one way an intensely matriarchal society can permanently influence the physical characteristics of its males.' I myself do not doubt that among the biggest boosters of circumcision are neurotic females, whose unhappy sex lives prompt them to injure a man where he feels it most."

Getting down at last to the nitty gritty, Dr. Foley fears that "another hazard of circumcision is the possible diminution of sexual pleasure. The intact penis," he states, "is an instrument admirably suited for its natural purpose — which is not simply to serve as a waterspout. For the mature man, the foreskin provides a covering during erection, when the organ increases in bulk from six to eight times . . . it enables the penis to penetrate smoothly and without friction."

On the other hand, Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson, in *Human Sexual Response,* call it a "phallic fallacy" to believe that the man who is circumcised is at a sexual disadvantage. They maintain that the widespread belief is that the uncircumcised man has better ejaculatory control than the man who is circumcised (because his glans is less sensitive than the circumcised man's) is false. They conducted experiments on men in each category, and discovered no "clinically significant difference" in sensitivity of the glans.

So there you have it, kids. Pros and cons, ups and downs, ins and outs. All pretty theoretical, at best, and for many of us — as indicated in the first paragraph — a Pyrrhic pursuit. Unless you are like the British physician, G.S. Thompson, who reported in the *British Medical Journal* (1920) that he had circumcised himself, and, not surprisingly, concluded that it was nothing more nor less than "a barbarous and unnecessary mutilation."

Wonder who *his* shrink was . . . ?

BATHS

BATHS

Fiction by Jeff Watkins

I was so horny that night I couldn't squeeze into my favorite Levi's. Whenever I tried to zip up, a seething rush threatened to dump my load right then and there.

It wasn't because I was hard-up. Jack stayed over the night before and gave me more of a workout than a week at the gym. His lover picked him up the next morning and joined in. We had a raunchy three-for-all scene before I left for work.

Each time I hit the factory for another truckload. Jim Brooks would be sprawling in his cab, legs out the open door, waiting for a load and showing off his goods. Brooks says he's straight, but his cock's always digging its way out of his pants. Hunky truckers. That's why I took the job.

Swung by the pro footballers' camp on my last delivery, and snuck a look into the locker room. A lot of steam, a lot of hard ass and cock. And big!

I got home ready to kill for some ass. As usual, I took off for the 69 Club. No other tubs in the world are as big or as hot. While the slimfox attendant checked me in and looked me over, I checked out the massive cock shot I'd seen on the wall for weeks. Sure, the Club is attractive . . . a pretty high-class joint. But tonight it was, well, business as usual. I'd been fucking all last night and thinking about it all day, and I still wanted more. I knew as the door buzzed open that even this wouldn't be enough.

I peeled off my baggy dungarees and flipped on the skimpy towel, checked my hungry ass's sculptured curve, then shoved into the waves of studs prowling the halls.

Hands searched me, eyes appreciated the throb of my already firm rod against the towel. I headed straight for the orgy room, and there in dim light dived right into the first free butt available. The guy was chubby, but his buttocks sucked at my prick until it was iron. My mouth found a nine-inch toy whose owner looked like a young Charles Atlas, so I pinched his melon tits. A stranger landed on my back, the guy under me groaned, and searing ecstacy lit up my backside.

In the middle of everything, when I started up that roller coaster hill to popping my load, I saw everything clearly. This dim, steaming room with its chorus of sex groans and writhing bodies was too familiar, too usual, too much like going to the bathroom. My load shot right then, and I screamed, which popped off Charles Atlas. His cum dribbled through my teeth, and I lay there while the stranger on top finished.

When I got up, they were gone, and my fat lay filtered into the crowd as I watched. I returned to my locker, disillusioned, after a shower.

But still horny as hell.

I must have looked it as the dungarees nudged over my semi-erect dick, because some old fart dressing beside me chuckled.

"You're fed up, too."

This guy must have been over fifty, but he had a footballer's tight build. He pulled an expensive silk shirt on as I studied his face. The most riveting blue eyes I'd ever seen in a man stopped me cold.

"I know what you're going through, kid. I checked this place out myself. Nice. But it can't compare to Man Land. Nothing can, I guess."

"Man Land? Never heard of it. Never seen it advertised."

"You never will. But it's what you're looking for."

This guy had me going. I sneered.

"Okay, kid. You can miss Man Land if you want. But I'm never going anywhere else again. See you."

I found myself following the guy all the way to the street. He turned, looked me up and down, then without a word motioned me to follow.

We struck out on the freeway for downtown in his custom Mercedes. He didn't try anything, just made for that skyscraper on the edge of the metropolitan district while my cock throbbed in anticipation.

This felt like something special, all right.

Parking in an underground lot, we strode over to a service elevator. "ML" stood out gold-on-blue over the doors. The dude flipped a plastic card out of his wallet, stuck it neatly into a slot by the doors and they slid open.

We walked in, surrounded by luminous displays; photos of studs getting it on: truckers, footballers, Marines, lumberjacks, boxers, slaves and masters. My new friend smiled at my interest.

"It's all here. So. What's your pleasure? You're my guest. What do you like?"

"Jocks."

"Football all right?"

"Great!"

He nodded, pushed one of the floor buttons. Doors slid closed, we soared up and the cab went dark. A light remained behind the picture of two football hunks slapping ass. The guy spoke, deep, thrilling.

"This is Man Land. The ultimate bath. The whole skyscraper is devoted to men . . . and love."

"The whole goddamn thing? What can you fill a whole skyscraper with?"

"You'll see."

The elevator stopped, the doors opened.

Memories of college gym swept over me as I stepped into a room identical detail for detail to gymnasium foyers around the nation. By double doors to the locker rooms stood a huge blond, athletic frame tight against red trunks and T-shirt emblazoned with team insignia. A coach's whistle dangled from his thick neck on a leather thong.

"You're late, player. Get suited up. Move it!"

His deep voice was heavy with erotic promise. My guide disappeared into the elevator, so I followed the coach into a labyrinth of rooms.

Coach hustled me past weight

rooms where the greatest builds I'd ever seen strutted naked. cocks half erect. hefting barbells. In a cubicle. one jock weighed and measured another. As we passed. the first grabbed the second's prick. massaged it erect and measured the throbbing ten inches. then lay into it with steaming lips. When I hesitated to catch a little more. Coach jerked me away with ripchord biceps.

"You still gotta suit up. Your action's coming."

He pressed close behind me. and I felt the pressure of his own pumping organ against my ready butt. We stopped at a counter covered with helmets. jock straps and bandages. Coach hefted over in a bound and and tossed gear at me: shoulder pads. jersey. everything.

"Suit up in the locker room. then out on the field for exercises and practice scrimmages. Got it. kid?"

"My mouth found a nine-inch toy whose owner looked like a young Charles Atlas. . . . The guy under me groaned, and searing ectsasy lit up my backside."

Suddenly he was on my side of the counter. musky breath hot on me.

"We got a hard tough team here. kid. Let's see if you measure up."

Coach whipped my dungarees down and. thrusting into me with a bolt of ecstatic pain. he grabbed my already rock-hard prick.

"You're okay."

He was out of me and gone.

A few guys. pulling on the last of their uniforms as I entered the locker room. looked me up and down. One guy. with the number 5 on his jersey. whose heavy black Fu Manchu ended in ball tufts on his block-square chin. rubbed his biceps. chuckling.

"I'm gonna go through you like a steam roller out out there."

His huge dick hung out of a codpiece opening in his padded football

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A Target Studios photo.

The Erotic Art of JEFF KERNS

"I like to think of my paintings as abstract expressionism," artist Jeff Kerns says, running an index finger over his light-blond moustache. "I've always been interested in Aubrey Beardsley and other Victorian artists, but I think my work often reflects a lot of Japanese, East Indian, and even Grecian influence." (The Japanese influence can be seen in the painting

©1977 Jeffrey Kerns

on the following pages.)

The 29-year-old Capricorn's most popular work to date has been his "The First X-Rated Coloring Book," which has been selling like the proverbial hotcakes for the past several months and is now in its 4th printing. A man of all trades, Jeff not only did the artwork and design concepts, but handled the financing, the publicity, and the distribution. Samples from "The First X-Rated Coloring Book" appear on these two pages.

Born in L.A., Jeff attended the prestigious Chiounard Art Institute. His current projects include a Neon '79 calendar, featuring the electric art of Lili Lakich, and his own new work: "The First X-Rated Coloring Calendar." Watch for it, gang.

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Illustration by Jim Yousling

THE JUICER

Fiction by Dan Turner

In the middle of the night the busboy thought of him. Lying still between the soft sheets, he walked nimbly, curly-haired, smooth-skinned through the cafe again, wiping sandwich crumbs from wooden tables with a damp cloth and putting glass ice cream bowls and soda fountain glassware in grey plastic tubs and carrying them with his thin, taut arms to the dumb-waiter and pushing the "down" button.

He wiped his articulate hands of the sticky substance that brushed from the lips of glass and turned and faced the long red-and-green room of occupied customers. They did not notice those that worked there. Therefore, they did not notice him, his trim waist tied with a blue denim apron. They had come in out of the sun to escape the heat, to sip cool drinks and eat ice cream.

He put the damp, white cloth in the back pocket of his Levi's. It looked like the tail of some small animal. He sighed from the heavy load of dishware and looked at the sandwich line, the girl with blonde hair making sandwiches, the tall businessmen in pinstripe suits, waiting for soup and salad, and the little old lady, walking slowly with a pot of tea.

Then he heard the electric whirr, and though he did not want to look again, the sound began to churn inside him, and the more he fought it back, the whirr became insistent, and he began to taste the oranges being juiced, and then his soft blue eyes, as if under another law of gravity, looked up at the large thick-fingered hands grasping orange halves, and grinding them on the revolving head and with pump-veined forearms tossing the sucked-dry rinds into the full, plastic bag, which he would have to empty. He looked again at the white shirt open at the collar with a hint of black chest hair curling at the neck, and the back muscles moving beneath the soft cotton fabric.

He twinged. He had seen him stuff it in his Levi's in the men's room, and been caught staring! The bottom of his body burned as he heard his name called and had to step forward toward that young man with large brown eyes, caramel eyes, that possessed strength and sexual potency. . . .

He could hardly control his feelings as he walked closer and saw the muscles move beneath the blue jeans, causing an uncertain sweat to rise within his crotch. He caught sight of the young man's fly and the way the buttons bulged there and the movement of his balls and cock beneath the thin, faded denim.

The Juicer was warm, and narrow lines of perspiration crossed his face. He was working hard, scooping up ice cream with big fists. His movements were like strong caresses to the boy, and the boy drew closer, staring and not knowing what to do — when he knew what what he was supposed to do, but wanted more, much more.

The warm hands of The Juicer grabbed the oranges and squeezed them dry. He flipped the sucked-dry rinds into the basket like he was playing ball. A confidence emitted from the curves of his body like soft smiles that rubbed against the young boy's tight, repressed limbs like warm water.

Every time he breathes his chest moves, thought the thin boy, noticing, and discovered he had stopped breathing. He wanted to know what this juicer had done to have such a body that teased his senses into restlessness. He stepped closer and saw The Juicer's legs pressed inside the faded blue denim, and watched him bend over to the floor to get a bag of long, raw carrots. The thick curve in the young man's buttocks was clearly visible and gave the boy a chill. He looked down at the scruffy tennis shoes and wanted a pair like that.

He bet the guy played sports and was a good athlete. Under the comfortable clothes his body moved with force, bending and turning — the crack in the ass, now larger, now smaller. Then The Juicer looked at the boy with his caramel-brown and melted him like ice cream.

"The sack's pretty full. I want you to take it before the oranges get too heavy. When the skins are wet it weighs more."

The boy swallowed hard and quickly pushed the auburn hair off his freckled forehead. He bent over, gathered the green plastic bag and pulled, but it was already too heavy.

"Use your muscles," said The Juicer, and the pug-nosed boy tried very hard again and lifted the plastic barrel up with the bag.

"It's the suction in the bottom," said The Juicer, and grabbed the barrel with his wet hands while the blue-eyed boy looked at him nervously.

"Now pull on the bag."

He tugged with effort and slowly it came out of the barrel with a scent of citrus.

"You got it, dude," said The Juicer, like an older brother, and patted the freckled faced boy on his round bottom.

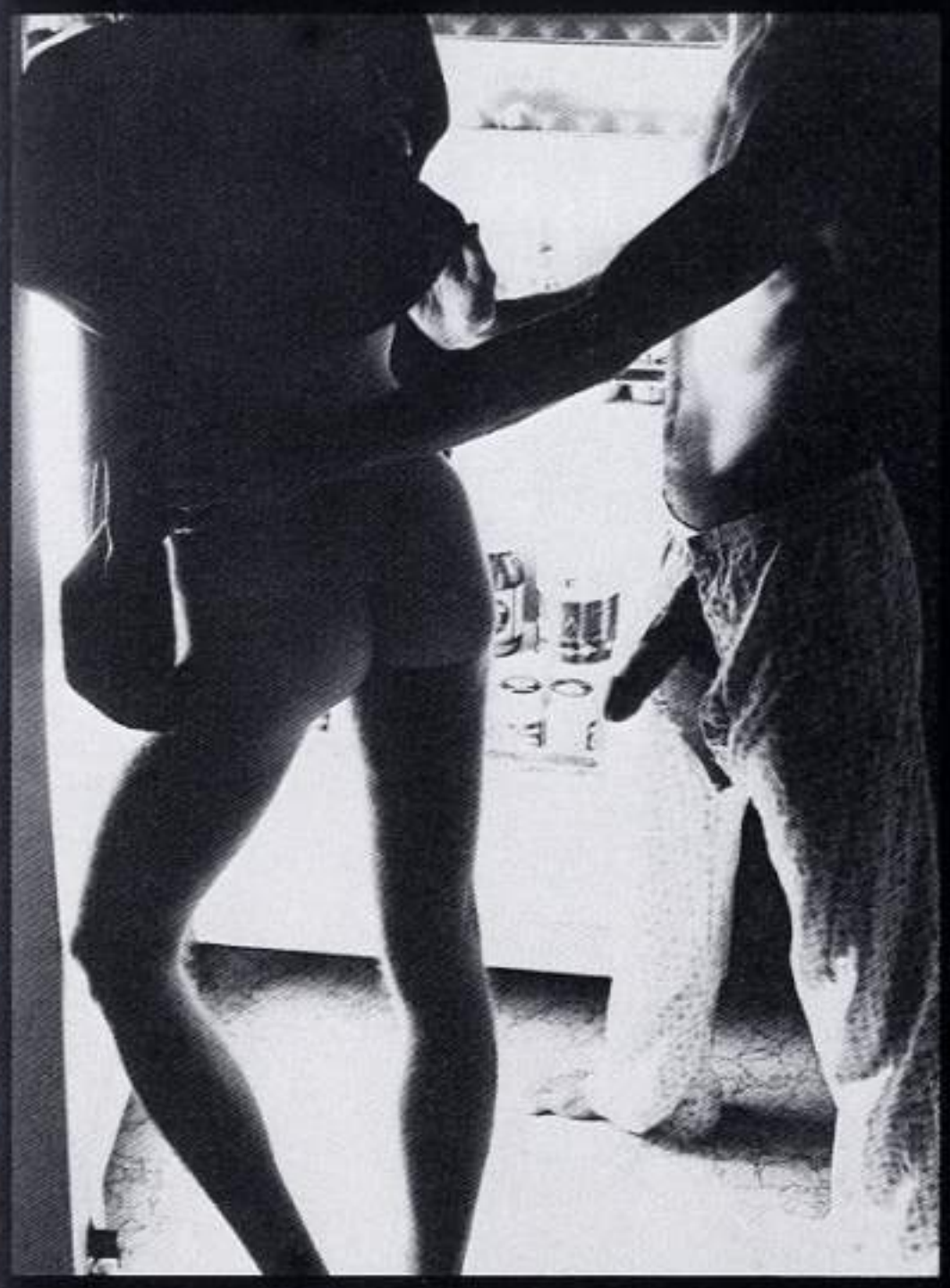
Turning red, the boy carried the bag away, feeling a throb of warmth from the hand of The Juicer. He walked across the parquet floor in his dream and down steps into the basement to dump the garbage. He felt as if The Juicer was behind him, but was too timid to turn around. He kept going through the door and down the steps into the trash area. He tied off the plastic bag and turned to go back upstairs, but his dream would not let him. Instead, it dissolved.

He wanted to know what followed, and so the next day, back on the job, he stared at The Juicer longer than normal, and continued to do so even when The Juicer noticed, and his brown eyes flashed and flickered, and the boy became nervous and wondered if he had gone too far, but a soft smile crept along the lips of The Juicer, and he signaled for the freckle-faced boy to empty the sack again.

(continued on page 46)

MIDNIGHT SNACK

What's a guy to do when he gets up in the middle of the night with a roaring hunger? Raids the refrigerator, right? Of course, if he just happens to run into a buddy with similar tastes, the only thing to do is to share the goodies. When the larder is well-stocked, there's always more than enough meat to satisfy any appetite. It's a little hard, sometimes, to resist the temptation to stuff it all in at once, but when there's no rush to get back to bed, a slow sampling of everything the larder has to offer can be a lot more fun—and a lot more satisfying.



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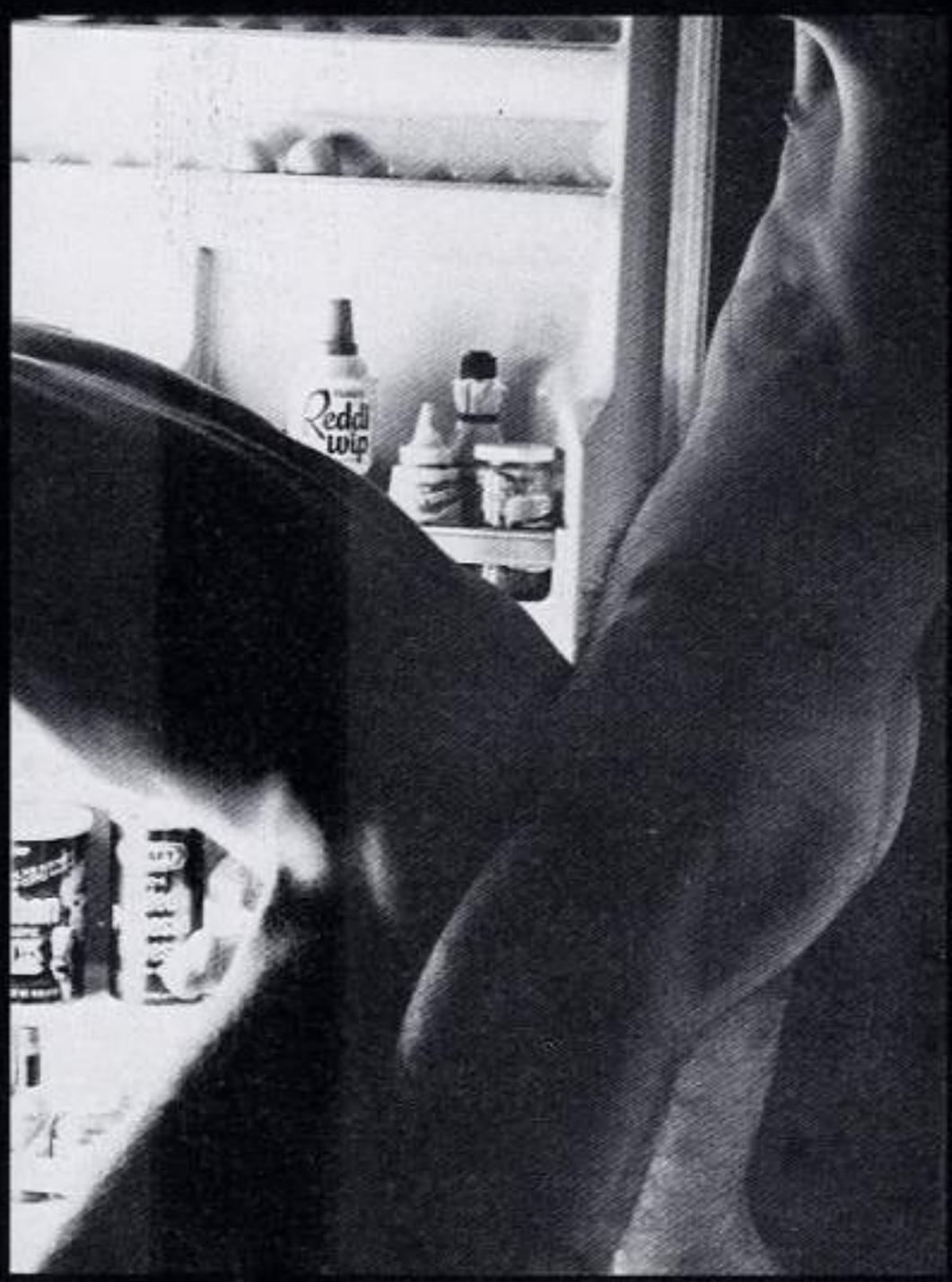
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Fiction by Barry Loy

HIT THE S

Scene One: Jerome

I'd venture to say that few men could forget Jerome if they just so much as saw him, let alone met him and shook his hand. With his raw machismo and his lean, hard, flawlessly-assembled bod, he was what most guys wanted to look like and what many guys looked at and wanted.

Jerome was the hired hand that summer before he left in the fall with his wife and two kids for the warmer winters of the South. He was ten or fifteen, maybe twenty, years older than I was, but that was still young because I was just getting into my teens and I was still wet behind the ears. And impressionable. As if it were only yesterday, I can see Jerome working in the hayfield, stripped to the waist, his bronzed skin sweaty and looking oiled, stopping and, because it obviously felt super-splendid, squeezing hard and twisting his aroused and turgid nipples, regardless of who saw him. With his mouth open — a reaction of his excitement from the turned-on feeling of his self-inflicted pain-pleasure — he raised his closed eyes towards the hot sun and, so it seemed, whimpered.

Alone in my room, I did to myself what I saw Jerome doing in the hayfield. And it sure felt good. I was gentle at first, more tickling myself than squeezing hard, and then, as my tit became aroused, I twisted and pulled the hot protruberance until I exhausted myself with frenzy. I didn't have Jerome's finely-hewed pecs at that age, but I had my mind's picture of his nubs standing tall, firmly implanted in the solidness of Jerome's massive, muscular pecs.

When I met the guys from other farms at the swimming hole in the back pasture the next afternoon, I told them about Jerome and how good it felt playing with your tits, and three of them—Mushroom Cap Ed and Bean Pole John and Hammock Swing Bill, so nicknamed after the shape and features of their cocks in varying stages of horniness when we bare-assed it around in the water — surprised me by announcing they had been playing with their tits for years. And yes, they agreed, it felt damned good.

A few days later, I chanced by the barn and heard an odd wheezing sound inside. Opening the barn door slowly and quietly, I saw Jerome, shirtless, his body taut, lifting full sacks of cattle feed over his head, breathing deeply and noisily all the time, but with a paced regularity, like body builders breathe when they pump iron.

Jerome next did some repetitions of pull-ups on a narrow beam in the hayloft, and finally, his exercising finished, he dropped agilely to the floor and began flexing his heavy, massive pecs. He made them contract and then expand, jump and jiggle, first the left and then the right, all without laying a hand on them to assist their movement.

I felt as if I were on fire with excitement. Unbeknownst to Jerome, he had made me an out-and-out incorrigible titphiliac. That's sort of a big word for "tit lover."

Still unaware that he was being watched, Jerome pinched his nipples, easy at first and then harder until he winced with hurt. He squeezed the very tip of them and they quickly sprang to a standing position, hard and swollen like a a turned-on cock. My eyes were straining to see every motion of his twinged tit, every twitch of his pleasure-filled face as his fingers nipped the turgid high-rise protruberances. With a final tweak of his aroused nubbles — a sudden pulling and twisting pinch — that culminated in a jerking of his tightly-muscled torso, Jerome suddenly stopped. He looked expectantly around the barn and I cowered lower behind the full bags of cattle feed where I hid from the hired hand and watched him.

"Quickly I tore off my shirt and attached the specially-made clip-on electrodes onto my distended tits . . . I flicked on the electricity button. . . ."

Jerome, as if he had heard another person in the barn — did he know of my presence? I wondered fearfully — hastily slipped on his shirt and partially buttoned it, lowering his well-worn Levi's to ease the tucking in of his shirttail and revealing at the same time his white buttocks, a pair of tightly-mounded buns in underwear-less readiness for come whatever, that starkly contrasted with his deeply-tanned brown back.

He left quickly. The barn was strangely quiet. Overhead, inside, nesting swallows fluttered and swooped high up among the roof beams. The birds chirped with a shrillness brought on by some unknown disturbance and then they alighted in their nests and were quiet.

Jerome was gone and I, too, left the barn. I wonder if I would be so innocuously unaggressive should a similar situation arise and involve me today. Of course I wouldn't, I comfort myself. First, I would let him know I was in the barn with him. Just the two of us. Alone. Together. I would cough to subtly inform him of my presence, or perhaps whistle, or say "ahem" or "ahoy" and start talking about the heat of the afternoon, or. . . .

Scene Two:
A tit is a teat is not a tater

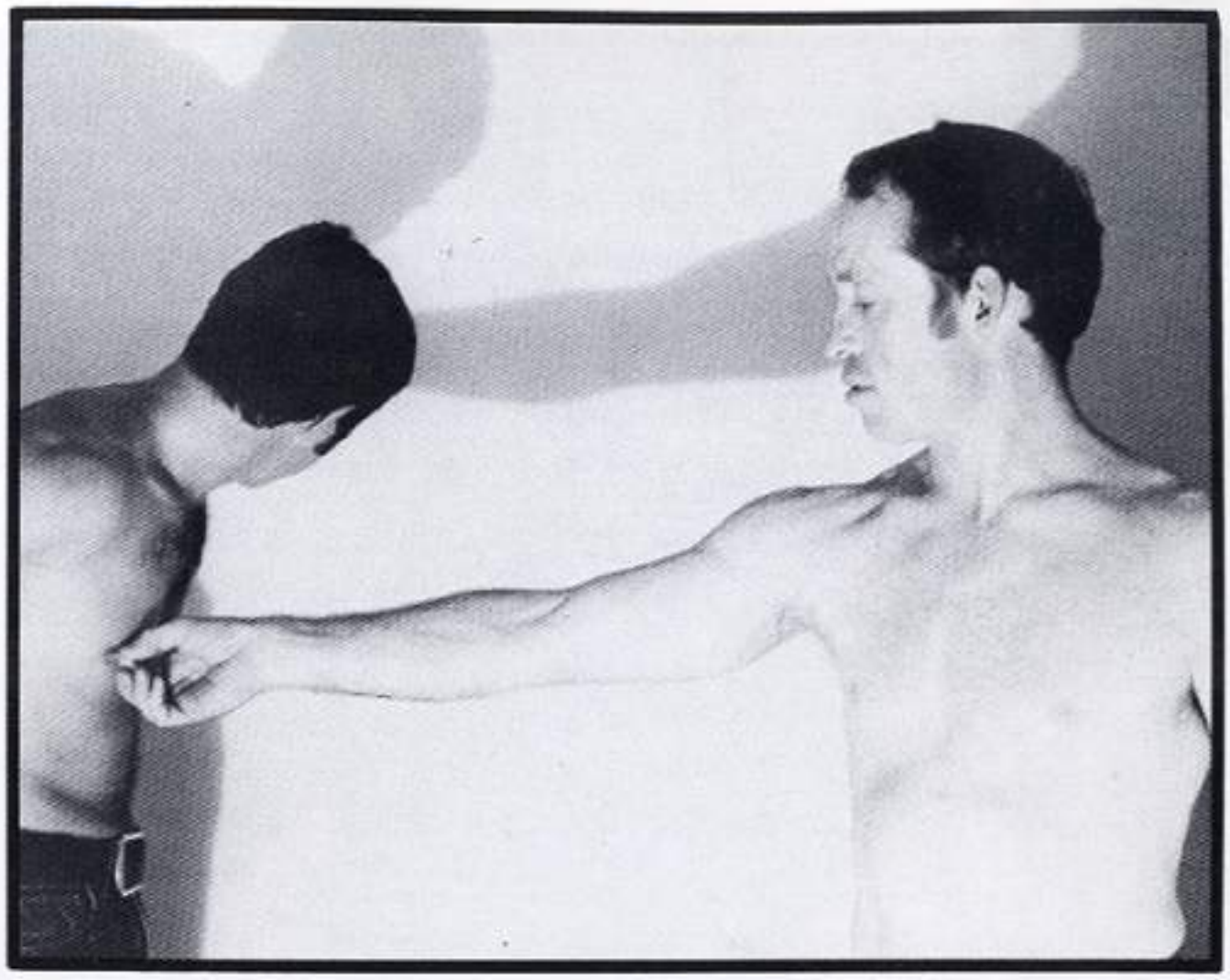
To badly parody Gertrude Stein, a tit is a teat, according to the renowned lexicographer Noah Webster. The only difference between the two is the spelling. Some say a teat is the entire boob and the tit is the nipple only. A mere nuance, but I'll accept it. A tater has nothing to do with either unless it should happen to look like a tit or it has a nubble or unless you are hung-up on taters. By now you should have guessed, if you didn't already know, that a tater is a shortened and altered word variation of the universally accepted, cultivated, and consumed vegetable tuber, the potato. The tater derivative is frequently used in such common expressions as "meat and taters" when referring to basic food fare. A tater can be boiled, baked, mashed, used as the principle ingredient of potato salad, and

French fried. Not so the tit. The tit is more for being tickled, sucked, squeezed, pinched, twisted, pulled, waxed, bitten, clothespinned, pierced and electrocuted.

The tit is one of the body's erogenous zones, thus partially debunking the notion that the erogenous zone is the strip of land separating South Korea from the North. It is, instead, any one of a dozen major areas of the body which has a major concentration of sexually responsive nerve endings.

It feels good to have an erogenous zone stimulated. It arouses you sexually and it can make you horny and erect. An adept manipulator has a variety of turn-on techniques at his disposal. First off, the non-mechanical or ungadgeted applications of superb tit therapy can be placed either in the gentle or rough categories. The former includes simply staring at the tit, touching it with the tip of the tongue, blowing on it, or brushing it lightly with the end of the little finger. The rough category in this classification involves actually kissing it, sucking it, tickling and flicking it, and on the harsher infractions of squeezing, pinching, pulling and twisting—anything short of extracting it. If you are the more aggressive partner, periodically call to mind a derivative of "Shake but don't break;" "Rapture but don't fracture."

Other techniques labeled pleasurable by many titphiliacs include the hot wax treatment, the needle probe, the bite, and the clothespin grabber. Finally, the ultimate turn-on remains — the electrocution. Should you partake of any of these activities, you immediately join the ranks of sadism and masochism — S and M. As high as 90 percent of both sadists (those who enjoy inflicting pain) and masochists (those who like to receive it) want their tits worked on, a recent S and M survey in Los Angeles revealed. Forty percent of the sadists enjoyed biting the tit and its nipple; forty percent of the masochists enjoyed being bitten. Only 15 percent of the sadists liked to stick pins through the tit (and the scrotum), but 24 percent of the masochists wanted it done to them. More than half enjoyed using lighted candles to drip hot wax onto their tits. If you don't enjoy pain, let it be known that most of these games designed for fun and frolic *hurt*.



For a change of menu, clip clothespins on both nipples. Or pierce the nipples to accomodate ear — or is it nipple? — rings. Then connect them with a chain. Chances are probable that the chain will be very slightly unlevel. The left tit in all likelihood is larger than the right, thus throwing off the tits' natural — and normal — level. The difference in tit size isn't as noticeable as size differential of the balls. The left ball hangs lower and is larger than the right, leading me to ask, "What is it about the left side of the body that accounts for certain parts being larger than their counterparts on the right?" It is a matter of additional and more thorough on-the-spot research in measurement and observation.

Scene Three: Jake, the Switcher
(In which I confess to being totally and sublimely dominated for the first time in my young life)

One rainy night several months ago, I stood in the darkest and most

(continued on page 46)

SWITCHES

BALLING

Jerry's a nice kid, but a little naive. When a friend asked him if he'd like to come over and ball later that night, Jerry thought he'd better get in a little practice. As luck would have it, we just happened to have a photographer handy to take these shots. When we asked why he didn't get more pictures, he explained that Jerry had asked him what he was doing wrong, and he had to be a good sport and show him. All heart, our photographer.

Photos by James Milo

Water Sports

When the ocean's too calm for surfing, the lake's too rough for skiing, and the fish at the old water hole just aren't biting, there's always another kind of water sport one can engage in with a close friend. The finer points of the sport are demonstrated in the new movie "El Paso Wrecking Corp." by two afficionados whose enthusiasm for the activity is bound to win it new converts.

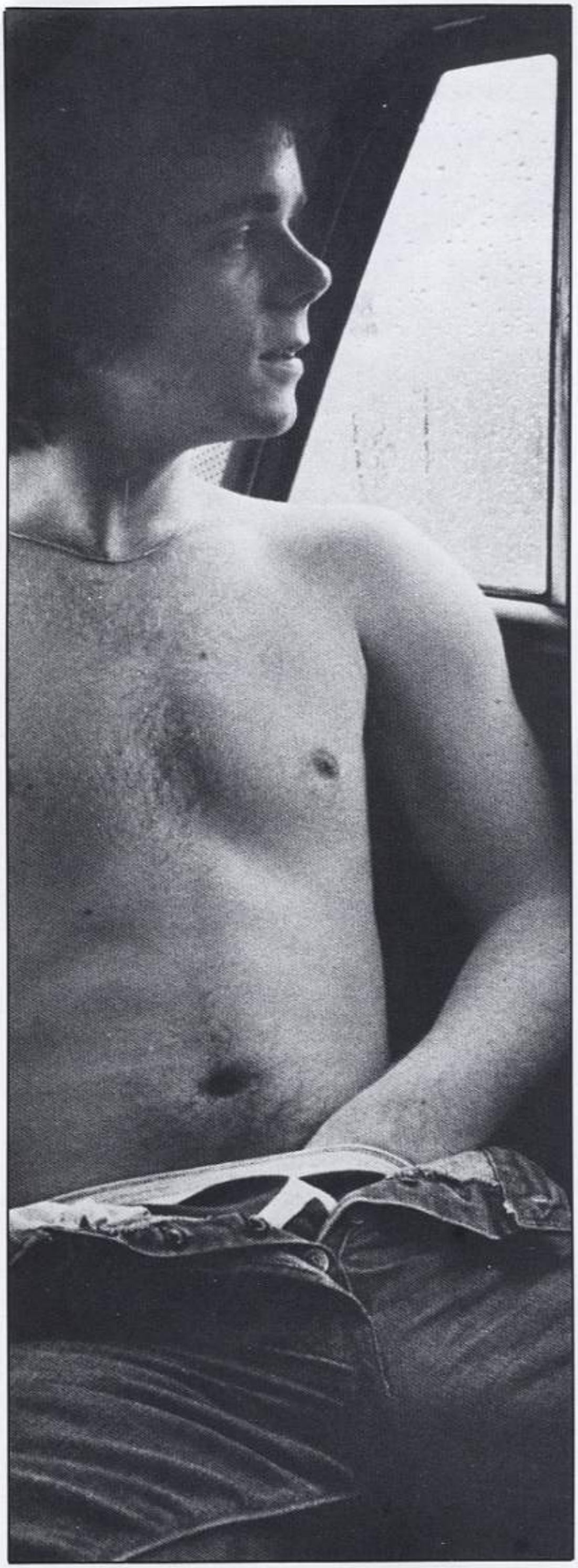
Photos by Richard Lyle

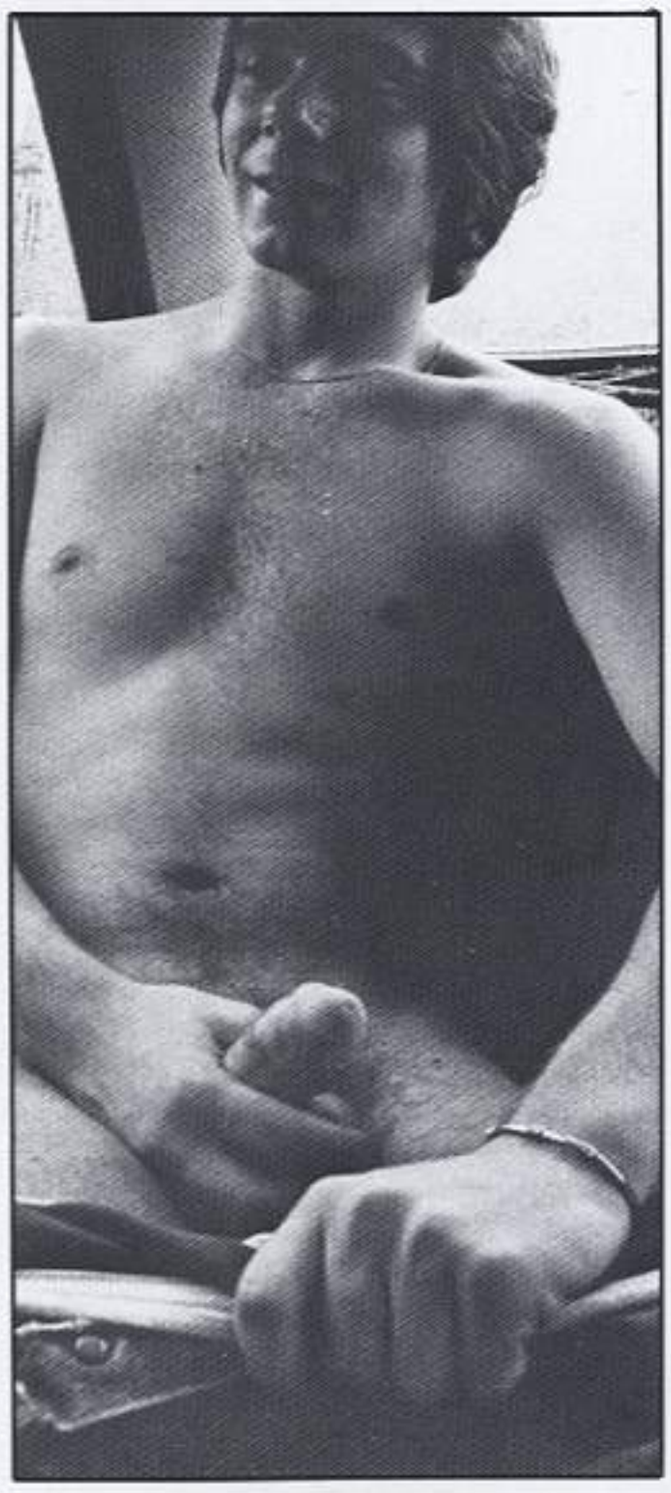
HARV

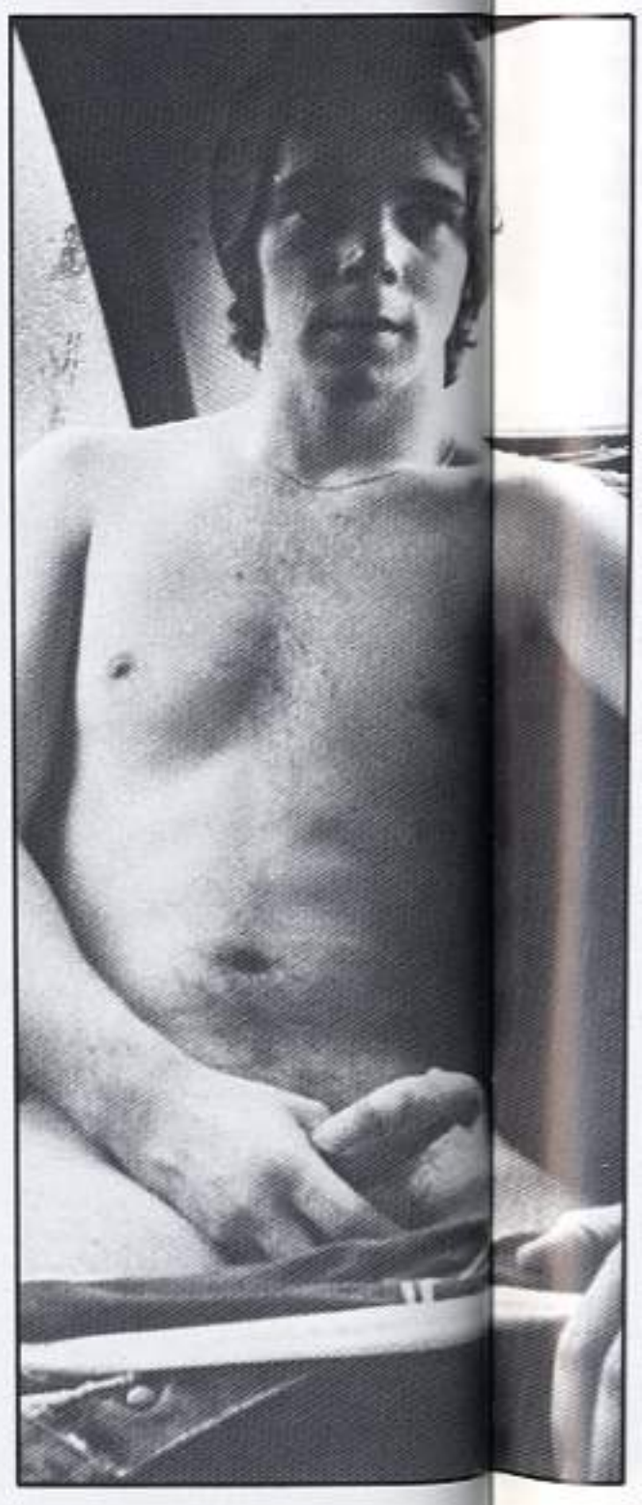
WET DREAM

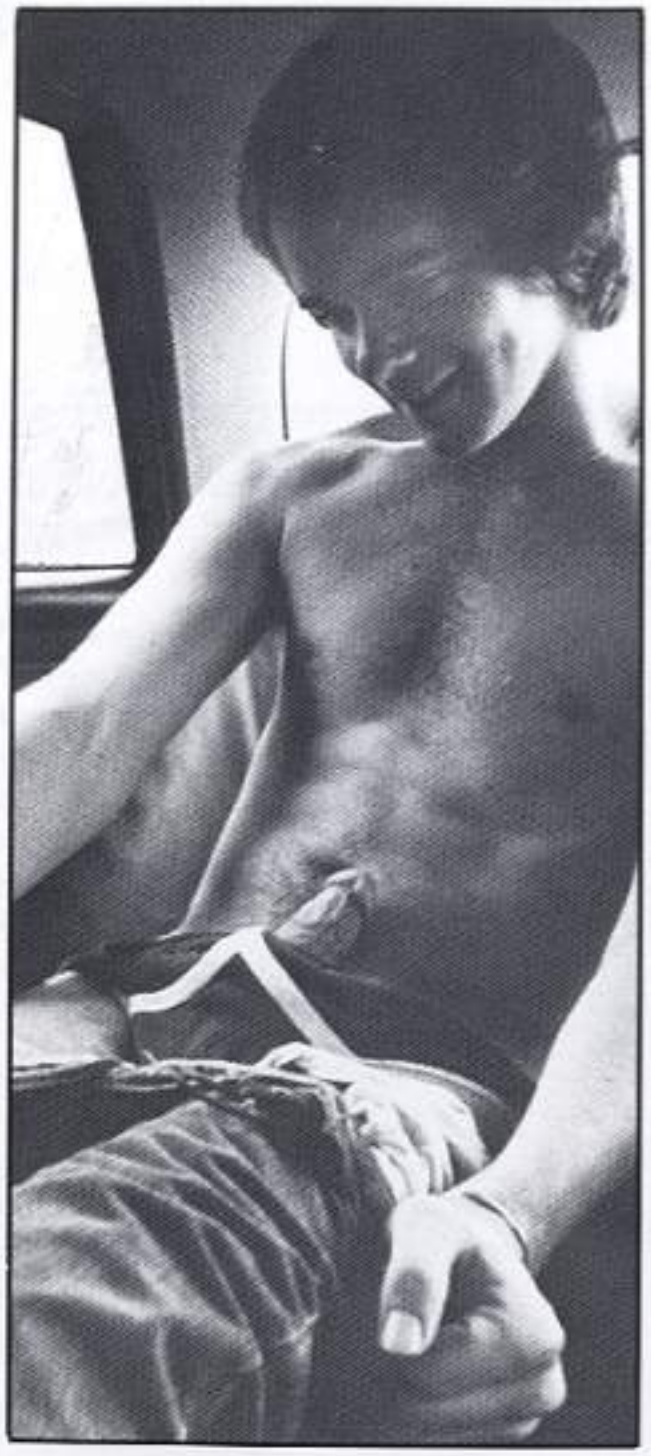
Photos by Bill Irwin and Mel Bernstein

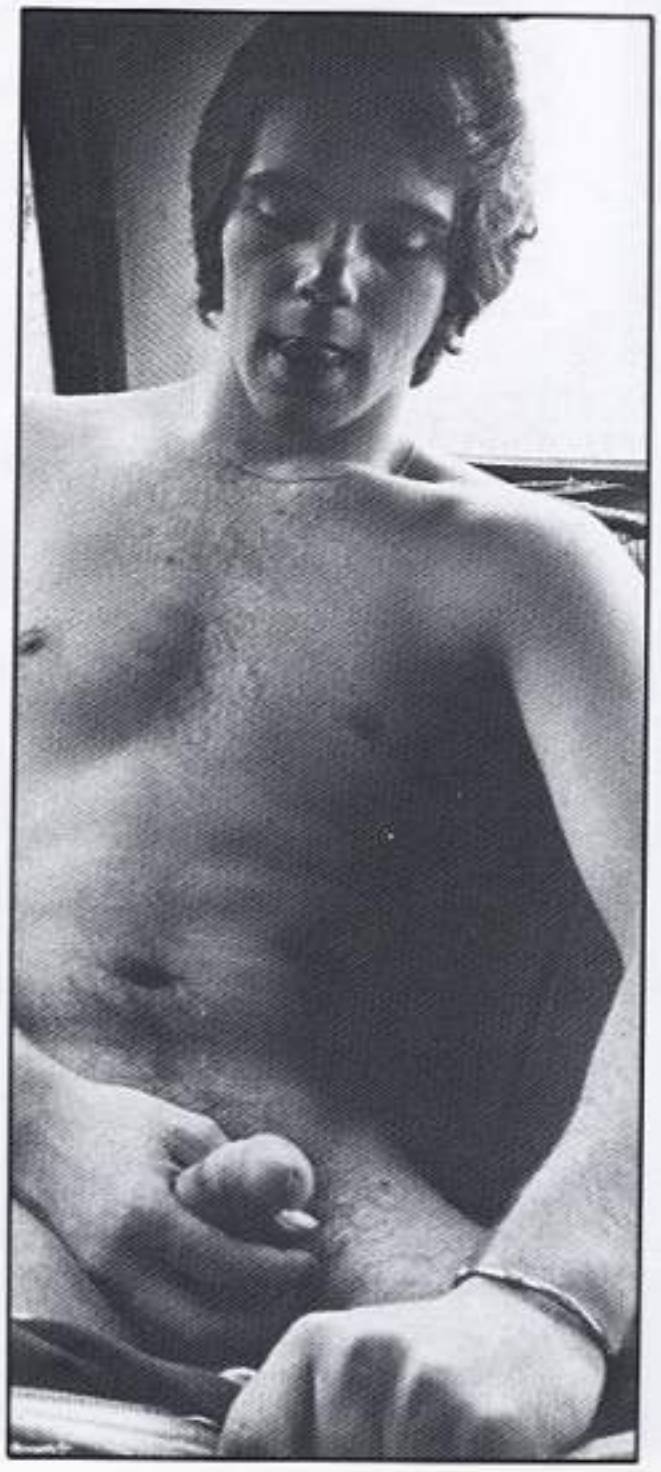
Remember when you were just a kid, sitting alone in your dad's car with the rain beating down on the roof, pretending there was nobody in the world but you? Well, fantasies change as we get older, but it's still fun to sit in the back seat on a rainy afternoon, listening to the rain and dreaming . . . .

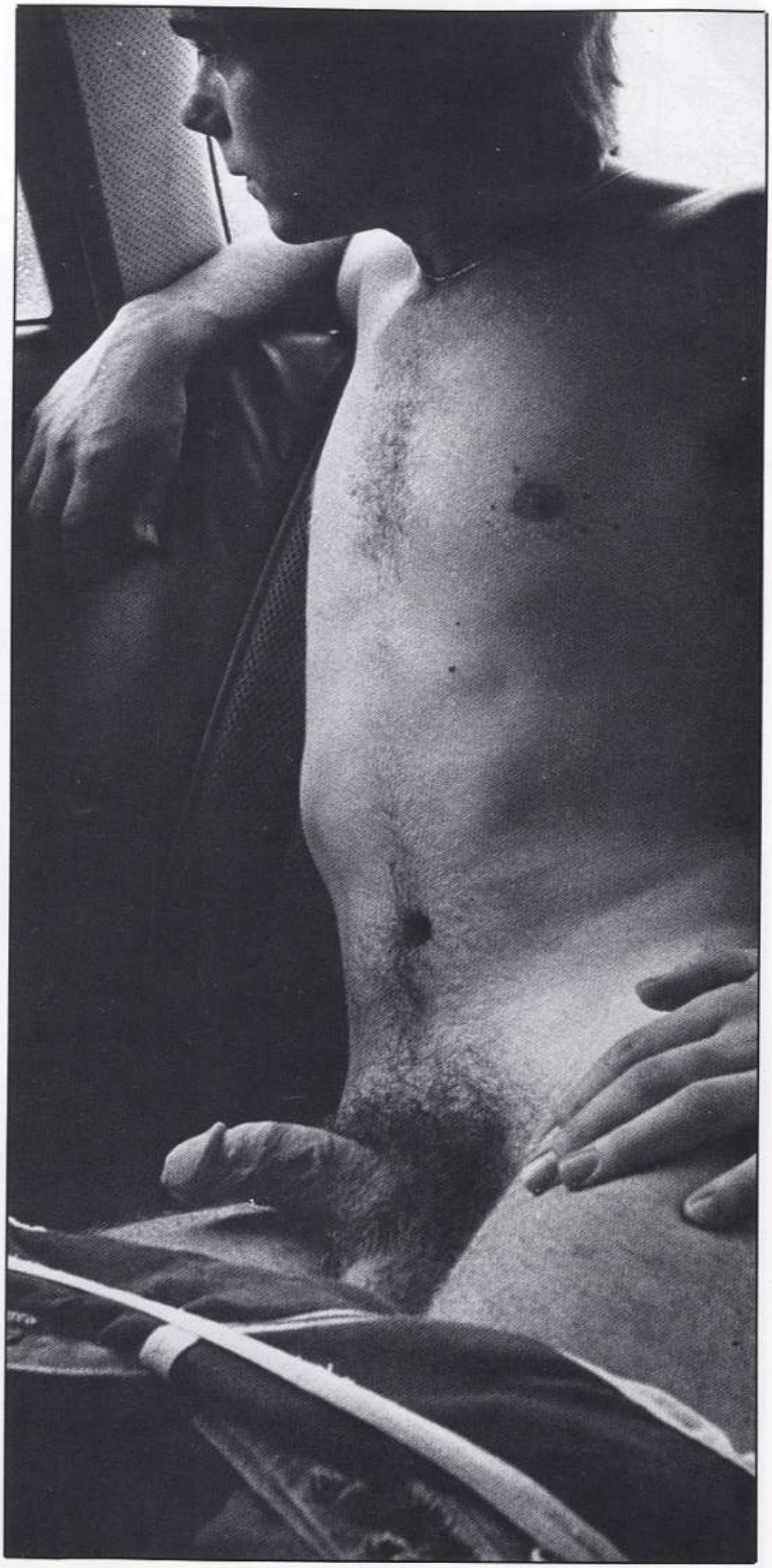












VIRGIN NUDE

The dramatic saga of one young man's heroic efforts to "get it up" for the camera.

by Jeremy Hughes

photos by James Milo

"For two whole days before the shooting, all I could think of was whether I'd be able to get 'it' up for the camera!" blurts twenty-one-year-old Aaron Taylor, his well-organized six-foot frame perched pensively on the edge of my sofa as I make noises like an interrogator.

The occasion is an exclusive interview for IN HEAT on the traumas and triumphs of Aaron's very first experience as an erotic nude model, an experience he had suffered just the day before. His nerve ends still in the process of recomposing themselves, the handsome dancer alternates between sipping at a Kahlua-and-cream and flipping a Bic in the general vicinity of a long brown More as he continues.

"You see, I knew what was coming," he puns unconsciously. "I knew that I was gonna hafta get a hard-on. Chuck (Chuck Roy, photograph/manager) had told me on the phone, when I hardly knew him, 'Now remember, before you come here, I want you to spend the next couple of days thinking of real erotic poses — and that means with a hard-on!' "

Aaron reflects ruefully for a moment. "Y'know," he comments, "if he hadn't told me that, probably I would've gone there and no problem. But, being new at all this, I began looking through my old IN TOUCH magazines, trying to get ideas, and asking my friends 'what's erotic?' All I found out was that different people have different ideas about *that!*"

He runs long fingers through closely-cropped curly brown hair in frustration. "So, for two days before the shooting, all I could think of was whether I'd be able to get 'it' up on cue. I even practiced on a friend, trying to seduce him. Practiced in front of a full-length mirror. But nothing happened. I mean, I was getting to the point where, practicing so much, I guess I over-rehearsed. Like a dance. When you over-rehearse it, it comes out dreadful. I thought 'God, I've turned

neuter!' I'd look at the most gorgeous person on the street, and still nothing would happen."

Playing father confessor (an interviewer in his time plays many parts), I prompt the lad to be as free and open with his articulated revelations as is the unbuttoned plunge of his shirt with revelations of a more physical nature. "Well," he responds, "the thing is that I'm not usually modest at all." Intently contemplating a cleavage that extends from navel to armpits, I nod in sage agreement.

"Dancers rarely are," he explains superfluously, "especially with all that goes on backstage. When I danced with the Long Beach Civic Light Opera or at Disneyland, I would make my quick changes right out in the wings with everyone around and no problems at all. And when I was at the Lido de Paris at the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas, I wore practically nothing even onstage. In fact, even in everyday life I never wear regular underwear. I hate it. Ever since Vegas I've had these 'G-strings' tailored. They give me support, and I don't mind the strap up my ass. I don't wear a bathing suit, either. I sunbathe nude. I don't like those white marks you get, on the sides.

"But I'm a perfectionist, and I wanted to be *great* when I posed nude for the first time. I gave a lot of thought about how to pose my body, what moves I would make, what expressions I would have. I didn't want to look manufactured but natural at being sexy and erotic. It seemed like it would all be so easy, having done it alone so many times."

Gamely resisting the impulse to follow up on *that* line of thought, I turn psychiatrist and gently nudge the conversation back to the purported intent of our interview: "Now, about your first nude modeling experience yesterday . . . why not start with getting up in the morning, and take it from there?"

"Sure," Aaron agrees, dark eyes going suddenly reflective. "When I

got up yesterday morning . . . well, how should I put this? . . . well, when I'm nervous about anything I get the 'runs.' And I was a *mess* yesterday morning! I take organic-type nerve pills, made from minerals, that you get from the health food stores, and they really work. So I took, like, four or five of those. While I was taking my shower, with the water streaming down over my naked body, I looked down at myself. Nothing! I started working on 'it,' but still there were no results. God!

"And all the while driving to Chuck's I was rubbing it, but, again, nothing. Then I noticed I was early, so I drove to a liquor store to get a small bottle of some cheap wine. Anything to relax me! I got a dry white wine, a little bottle for like 89 cents, took a couple of real good sips on it, then threw the rest away. I guess it was a half pint, you know, the kind they give you on airlines.

"When I got there, I was hoping Chuck would offer me a drink, but he said 'oh no, no, don't drink! Never drink before a session!' Well, the point is that I was *so* relaxed by this time that I actually shrunk up! But Chuck started talking to me, and it was very interesting.

"Then there was a knock on the door, and this other guy arrived. I thought it was all planned, so that I'd have to do my posing with a stranger watching, to get me used to it. I was wrong, though. It was another model. Chuck asked me if I'd mind if the guy stayed, and I didn't want to be rude, so I lied, hoping he'd say he'd leave. But he said, 'Oh no, I'll stay. Sounds like fun!' "

Transforming myself into a virginal maiden aunt, I cluck sympathetically. The young hunk a few short feet across from me smiles appreciatively, then lapses into a brooding silence. Opting with some reluctance against a more physical demonstration of empathy, I huskily suggest he get on with a description of the actual shooting. In the back of my mind is that niggling question, did he or did he not . . . er . . . get 'it' up?

Aaron picks up the cue like the trained performer he is: "We did the first outdoor shots in a small patio outside this other guy's apartment, and I was wearing a white tank top and Levi's. Then I took the top off for some more shots. The Levi's didn't come off until we got inside — we didn't do any nudes outside because of the landlady's being able to look into the patio.

"Finally, we went inside the apartment for the nude shots."

The verbal striptease continues, and I precipitously cross my legs. "I took my Levi's off, but left my G-string on — some people call at a posing strap — and Chuck took some shots like that. And then he says, 'Okay, take it off.' The moment I'd been dreading had come. I stood there, stark naked, and things went through my mind like 'will it show up on film that I'm a bundle of nerves?' Trying desperately to get it up, I masturbated, did the whole trip with the spit, the grease, even music — I remember there was jazz on some local radio station.

"But nothing was happening! As a last resort, I even tried my cock ring, which usually really does the trick, but not even that worked. I thought 'it' must be broken! Even though there were only two people watching me, I felt as if I were in the middle of this tremendous football stadium full of peope watching. There are a lot of people out there who'll be seeing these pictures. You're selling something. It's like opening a bakery: 'will people like your buns?' I *never* have trouble masturbating when I'm alone. I really do a number on myself. But, in front of that camera . . . !"

Again, silence descends. Only my heavy breathing disturbs the stillness in the room. Catching my breath with some little difficulty, I utter a hoarse "And . . . ?"

"We took a break," he says, anticlimactically. "I lit a cigarette, hoping it would last forever. But Chuck started taking pictures of me even while I was smoking! When we got back to work, I started relying on fantasies of Cal Culver — I adore him: I think he's just gorgeous! — and on sex experiences I've had in the past. Then Chuck started to 'help' me — a touch here, a kiss there. And, finally, the sensation came and I got inflated! It lasted only for a bit, but still long enough to get some decent shots, I hope."

Aaron and I share a great sigh of relief, and I try to become a reasonable approximation of myself again. After such an experience, I wonder aloud compassionately (the real me) — and knowing he had a scheduled shooting for IN TOUCH and TOO HOT coming up — does Aaron Taylor think he'll ever be able to go through it again? A determined young man, he states positively that such indeed, are his plans, adding: "And all I can say now is that I feel pretty sure that it won't be so hard to get hard the next time!"

(Interviewer's note: It wasn't.)

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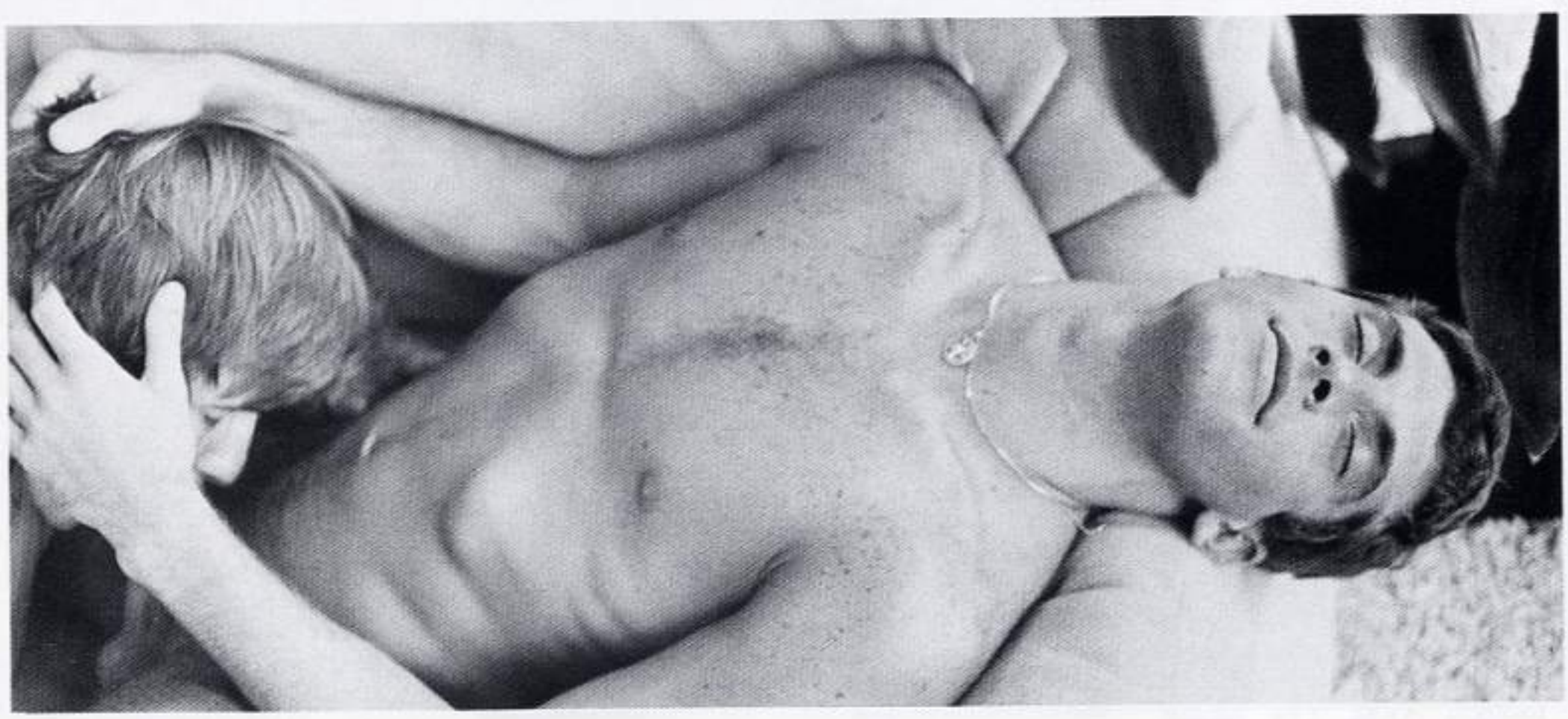


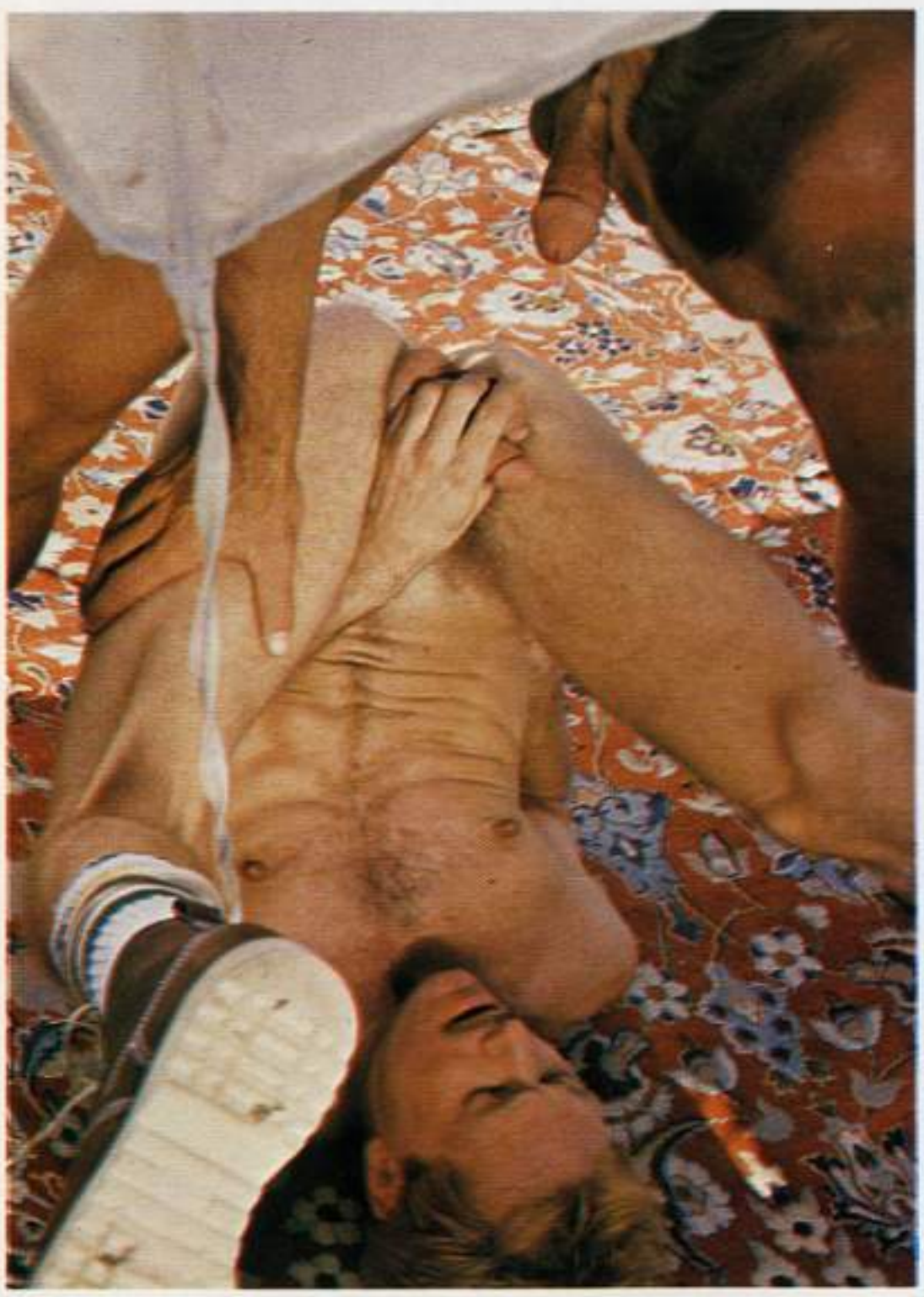
PICNIC

For Omar Khayyam, "a jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou beside me in the wilderness" may have been enough for a good picnic. But these two studs go Omar one step farther.

Photos by Cosco Studios

Mike and Don had all the ingredients for a picnic neither of them would ever forget — a tent, a Persian rug, plenty of wine, and each other. But when Don forgot the food, Mike decided they'd just have to find something else to fill them up. After all, what are buddies for?

When a guy's hungry for something, he's hungry. Luckily, both Mike and Don were hungry for the same thing. Mike's the kind of guy who's always willing to fill a buddy's need, and Don's always open for suggestion. So who needs bread?



HIT THE SWITCHES

(continued from page 31)

active area of my favorite pub waiting for the right guy to come along. Suddenly there he was. The leading contender in the "you sure would be nice to have" competition. Mr. Form-Fitting T-Shirt himself.

I quickly flew into a frenzy of sexual turmoil. I purposely dropped a coin — a penny, in case it was lost — and, while I was down on my hands and knees hunting for it, Mr. T-Shirt reached down and scratched, or rather massaged, my left pec. A mammary groper, I thought excitedly, my heart racing.

I made it quickly evident that I was fully aroused. My tits were standing tall. There they were. Make no mistake about it. My nipples were swollen and looking skyward and I became flushed and out of breath.

And so we made it.His name was Jake, or so he said, and he looked the Jake type: medium height; a square, muscular body; and a square face fused to a clean-cut, chiseled head topped with a World War II crewcut. Really solid. And he really had the hots for tits.

Months passed, and one night I told Jake about a hand-crank generator my grandfather had owned, hand crank because there was no electricity in Grandpa's rural home. On Saturday nights the family — when it was home — would get its jollies by playing with Grandpa's "electricity box." The small, eight-or-nine-inch square gadget had two electrodes, one positive and the other negative, and while two people would hold each one, Grandpa would turn the crank. Thus he generated electricity of varying intensities, depending on how fast the crank was turned, and the object of the game, if it can, indeed, be called that, was to see who could take the most physically jarring electrical charge.

I evinced such a great desire to possess my own electricity box that Jake bought me one. My eyes widened with eager curiosity as I opened the gift-wrapped package and saw what I wanted most in life — after Jake, of course.

Quickly I tore off my shirt and attached the specially-made clip-on electrodes onto my distended tits, the negative electrode on one, the positive on the other. Would it work? I wondered to myself. Is it connected to my tit properly? I flicked on the electricity button — YEEEEEOOOOW! Yes, indeed, it worked. My tits tingled with pleasant discomfort.

"How can I thank you enough?" I asked.

"Hit the switches," said Jake, affixing the electrodes to his tits.

No sooner said than done. Jake's classically-hewed pecs were thrust forward, expectant and waiting as I hit the switches. Jake cried out with wild, joyous abandon, and the two of us instantly entered into the unpredictable throes of sexual consumation.

There is, all in all, I later philosophized, nothing like a good tit tweak to get things moving.

THE JUICER

(continued from page 23)

There were no customers. The noon rush was over. The Juicer crossed his arms and watched the tousled auburn hair as it hovered over the trash barrel and observed him try to lift the heavy sack. He watched as the boy leaned over the barrel to get a firm hold. He looked at his small round buttocks sway, sticking up in the air. The boy's ass burned from the stare, and he strained and lifted the heavy sack of orange and lemon and grapefruit rinds. The perfume ascended raw and sweet and an acrid scent lingered.

The boy was getting the hang of it, and The Juicer smiled as the full bag came up and out, and he chuckled to himself as he watched the nervous boy walk away to the basement.

Then The Juicer followed him. He locked the door behind him, and he walked down the wooden steps peeling of red paint and,in his quiet tennis shoes, confronted the boy by the trash cans. The first thing the boy saw were the mucsles in The Juicer's leg's. They were twitching, and he heard the heavy breathing and looked up into The Juicer's face. The cleft jaw moved.

"You're doing a good job. Come over here," and he watched the young boy pose in front of him and try to act tough. The Juicer was impressed with the boy's audacity. His cock grew hard and pressed at his faded denims for release.

"I want you to feel something," said The Juicer, and he held out his hard hand.

The boy extended his smooth white palm and soon his hand was pulsating and rubbing the crotch of The Juicer. He moaned, feeling the warm balls between such sinewy thighs. He felt each round curve behind the soft cotton blue jeans like two hidden plums waiting to be squeezed and sucked. Then he moved his hand down along the thigh, feeling the banana shaft. He had seen him push long round carrots through the hole in the juicer and seen the juice pour out. He felt the swollen, unsheathed cock, and his own warming and emerging from the foreskin and sweating for sweet release.

Then The Juicer removed the busboy's denim apron and brought his calloused hand underneath the boy's crotch, palming the nuts. He rubbed his thick thumb between the black sailor buttons. The rough feeling excited the boy. Would someone see them? He looked up nervously over the large shoulder and then into The Juicer's brown eyes.

Grabbing the freckled boy's balls and cock through the loose denim material, The Juicer gathered them into his palm and lifted the staring boy off the floor until the seam running up the crack in his ass rubbed his asshole like a rope.

The boy moaned and was compliant. The young man controlled him. He pinched the boy's nipples through his thin T-shirt and moved him back against the linen hamper in the darkness. He unfastened the black sailor buttons that held back the bright, round, red head of the freckled boy's cock, and grabbed it as it came out raised and succulent as a ripe fruit.

The boy watched through his blond eyelashes and moaned like a lost fox as the rough hand began to jerk finger by fingertip, grasping the shaft of his cock and then the bare arm pumping vigorously, making his young boy's cock sweat and grow into something larger than himself — a man's cock. His balls seemed larger, too, and beat against his naked thighs as if being juiced and about to be served at the soda fountain.

"I've seen you staring at me," said the young muscular man, juicing the busboy's cock, "staring in my eyes like you wanted something sweet from the counter."

And breathless and looking down through blond eyelashes, the boy saw The Juicer's large cock bob from his unbuttoned levis.

"Put your mouth on this milkshake," said The Juicer, and cupping the boy's auburn, curled head brought it down on his cock.

"When you want something, you have to learn to ask for it," said The Juicer, as the boy's wet lips and tongue caressed him. "I'm not going to bite you," said The Juicer. "I'm a man like you," and he let the boy suck on him until all the cream was gone.

BATHS

(continued from page 17)

pants where the laces usually were. He trotted out, revealing tight cheeks shoved through a special opening. I strapped on prismic shoulder pads, translucent to magnify the deltoids. The jersey's net was fine enough to show my tits clearly, large and dark. As I followed 5, another stud entered, gear in hands.

I emerged into a huge auditorium fully the size of a football field and covered with astro-turf marked out in yards. The walls, lit by a brilliant fluorescent 'sky,' represented a crowded stadium. The roar of a crowd filled my already reeling senses.

On the field, the action, like nothing I'd ever seen, was already in full swing. One group concentrated on tackling; one man would go out, another would slam him to the turf, dick shoved up his ass, humping away. The tacklers always grabbed for the dick and balls first, protecting them and heating the guy up even more. I figured a lot of the studs worked here and had been carefully trained.

Elsewhere jocks hit the calisthenics. Some did push-ups, their cocks thrusting down deep throats, or lifting numbers on their backs who fucked them. Sit-ups left the lap free for hungry mouths. Some bodybuilders worked out in jockstraps which were ripped off by tacklers.

I had my eye on the moustache, who made for the line-up preparing for scrimmage. So, he thought he would go through *me*.

Another coach shouted last-minute instructions. He waved to one or the other teams. I trotted opposite 5, who tossed me a rich grin of promise.

Acrid sweat hung thick in the air as our team crouched into the huddle. Hands flashed out, everyone holding a cock and every cock erect. The quarterback, an all-American boy, sized us up and assigned a play, telling each man by his number what to do.

"I wanna see you churn into those turkeys. I wanna see cocks up asses. I wanna hear groans. Give 'em a *real* ballgame."

We broke and jogged to our places, cocks bobbing. I hit the line — across from 5. He chuckled, throaty.

"Do it to me, or I'll do it to you!"

A moment of suspense . . . the quarterback barked his call . . . then CRASH! the snap, and 5 lay into me like a freight train. I was down wrestling, his fiery breath spitting from his face mask. His heavy meat jabbed fiercely against my thighs, struggling for entry. His huge chest weighted me and I felt the pressure of his hard nipples through our jerseys. I went into action; turning him over with my own strong frame, I moved to straddle his ass. Another body lunged from nowhere, jostling me into his mouth, through the

guard. His tongue slapped my organ with a loud pop and nearly sucked my brains out! He slammed me over and rammed his meat up my hole. I had never felt a rush like it in my life! Around us the reciever got head from his tackler while the quarterback had his fist halfway up one of the four blitzing linemen. The others sucked him and each other off. Coach blasted his whistle and we broke.

Back in the huddle, we now defended. The quarterback whipped off his helmet and shoved his swollen tongue into the tight end's mouth, who passed it along. A blond bodybuilder gave it to me, pungent spit washing over my teeth, hands probing my crotch. Helmets back on, we hit the line. Their center delivered the snap . . . and it was a pass!

The receiver grabbed it from nowhere, then lit out. Christ, that guy was acually playing football. It was beautiful! He was going all the way!

And — SHIT! — we had to stop him!

Thunder pumped our legs. Every damn player lit out after him. The guy, a tall black whose dick stood like a flagpole, surged to the five-yard line when one of ours lay hold of his giant member and drove him to the ground. Then, not far behind, I dove into them. My cock searched out an asshole and drove home, when the breath was knocked out of me by 5, right on my back. He was in me before the next player tumbled on top. It was a pile-up! Body after body drove down. I nearly passed out from the weight. Intervening flesh dimmed the lights and in a thrashing, heaving twilight of sweating human bodies I found my face surrounded with at least four hard cocks. I thrust into that ass, licked and sucked, kissed and pumped. More weight, more bodies. 5 half-screamed, half-panted as he built his load. I heard screaming everywhere. Supermasculine faces contorted in passion, built, built! Suddenly cocks all around me squirted their gism like fountains into my mouth. A waterfall of cum spilled over me at the bottom of that pile. I drove deeper, deeper, screamed myself, my wad rose, soared like a fireball from my loins, coming and coming and *coming and I CAME!!!*

Coach loomed over us.

"Good work, boys. Now break and shower."

I didn't get out of the football floor of Man Land for two-and-a-half days. By that time I'd purchased my own card for an astronomical, but completely reasonable, price. I left exhausted but full of anticipation for my next visit.

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IN HEAT